

4
You You! Her eyes remain deep blue while her
hair becomes more blond each day. Recently, she
located her hands which she either studies or moves
most often. Though she has yet to respond to her
name, once or twice she has given me the impres-
sion that that moment is not too distant. While
her smiles have become more frequent, her sounds
are a communication or expression which told
me forever captured. Once or twice I have sought
to turn them into words. 'What an experience. To
be here in music, I am not certain what it will
be. At the hospital she was bathed in Mozart by
a nurse from the 'Midi'. Upon her return, at your
poor, arrival home, she has more often heard com-
positions from the end of the 19th and the begin-
ning of the 20th centuries. On verso!

For at least two weeks, Mikado has been
eating from a spoon of the fruits or vegetables
which complete her bottles. This transition, like the
others, she has made without any difficulty. In
fact, she seems to be quite alert, attentive and
certain for her age. That she tells my heart with
discovery only invites me to write more poetry. But
that must wait.

At the end of June Monique returned to her
work which remains part-time, at home only,
during which I care for Mikado. From March
to June she passed through a period of a storm
that simply raged. To recall those months is at
best a challenge, at most a nightmare from which
reminders of the mind: I learned that there does
not necessarily identify one or say of them,
that the breathe is not as natural as set as one
assumes - For two weeks after April 19th, I did
not, that habit may be the only thread upon which
questioned existence hangs, there fore, there's evan-
sity, not to speak of its potentiality, that is

Patrick White, an Australian author, who has come
to overwhelm me, writes in The Eye of the Storm,
calm, too, is but an appearance, for within even
the eye, tension reigns - White is an extraordinary
author, deeply of whom you are aware, and
yet, or yet, once distance or perspective comes to
the beholder, the past is past. But how to live it
be for the present!

Once a month Marique sees her doctor who
thinks that she has begun to ease most of the
effects of Nalanda's premature birth. Though she
needs more rest than before and while her gall
bladder is sensitive - for two weeks in May we
thought that she would have to have a gall bladder
operation in June - no comment! - Marique
seems up to her eyes. Actually, we are having a
very quiet summer, which should enable both
of us to reorganise. Here at home we spend many
hours with friends, or we spend a hot day at
the pool when the weather holds, like this morning.
We have taken to the country side, once in order to have
a picnic, whereas our plans for a barbecue were
ruined-out. Therefore, we settled in the living room.

Throughout the month of August we intend
to stay at home. However, in September we hope
to visit Gigi's home in the Drome, for eight to
ten days. These are our summer plans for the moment.

As you can imagine between March and
June and other than my long weekend in West
Berlin when I stayed with Emile and we
attended two concerts, one of which at the Phil-
harmonic, though undoubtedly not with Van
Kerssen, I had no occasion to profit from
Spring's offerings. However, I was able to conclude
the season with Wagner's Flying Dutchman, with
a superlative performance of King Lear in Italian

6

under the direction of Stockler and by the company of the Piccolo Theatre of Milan. Another evening I attended the University's production of Mozart's Mossé which had its moments. More recently, I was at an outdoor concert in the Old City, where we went when you were here in 1970, and heard a chamber orchestra from Württemberg play - of course - Mozart. By radio and French music I was in reach of several of the Summer Festivals throughout Europe. The other night I heard the 3rd Act of Wagner's The Master Singers being performed at Bayreuth. What voice! The Festivals of Aix and Arnhem have also been crissed with the emphasis once more on Mozart. At least I have shared the highlights.

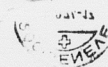
The photograph of Cheryl was taken for Marilyn's calendar for 1973. Unfortunately, I do not know who the photographer is. If I have the occasion, I shall ask of you to discover who the individual is. By the way, I share your opinion, the reason for which, the view was sent to you. Do you still recall our visit there?

Now, I must turn to my thesis; therefore, I shall enclose our first family photograph for you which was taken in the middle of June. Hopefully, you will have the occasion to write during the next few weeks. Certainly, I intend to do the same, while Monique has told me that she intends to communicate with you shortly. Only Nick's remains and I hope that that will occur between Christmas and New Year when we shall be in New Hampshire if all holds. More on that later.

Take care, our best wishes to you, Roy, the kids and your family. Again, the best that the colon now be official, simply capitals as.

For
Carol

*E. Noire
1208
Genève
Lussé*



*Mr. S. Robert Powell
249 West 96th Street, #4A
New York City, New York
10023
U.S.A.*

*Mariage
Soul*



3924

si this place is like grandmas

so many rooms, so many places, such possibility

I have a record of truman capote reading his a christmas story
and he talks of fruit cakes and president roosevelt, and I have
a very geometric, 6 side-d, patch-work quilt made out of very
light, transparent cottons hang-ing as my window curtain in
my front room, the one behind the slide-ing door

I have decide-d

not to put any thing at all in there, I have the patch-work quilt
over the window in the front and over the one face-ing that other
house, which by the way is empty and for sale as are I am

discover-ing a couple of others in this village,

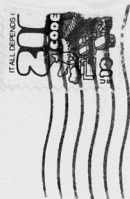
on the one
face-ing that house I have just left the white roll down bl-
ind, it is lovely to have an empty room, it is my exercise room,
my pace-ing room, my room where I don't often go though it is right
there

had a glimmer of a thought this morning about what if the far-
hoods or is it fargoods I 'm never sure come for the visit that
bill said they might on the way to cleveland to see his some body
or other

saturday afternoon it is and I arrived here [redacted] thursday mid-day, left carbondale on wednesday morning, ann took me to the bus in scranton and the kids came too and they all asked to be kissed good bye and I did and that was nice, [redacted] arrived in erie about 10 at night and immediately check-ed into the large grand snazzy hotel on the square next door [redacted] practical-ly to the bus station, [redacted] 8.48 for the night and the next day [redacted] took the bus to edinboro where I checked in at the department and saw the lady at the credit union (my debt I am aware of) and then hitch-hiked here, the owner came, I got the key, he left, I un-packed, that was thursday, I un-packed yesterday too, today I made my first trip out of here, to the grocery store in ALBION, walk-ed all the way, found a swim-ing pool on the way back, under a bridge

Donald W. Powell
51 Bateman Avenue
Granesville, Pa. 16410

S. Robert Powell
249 West 76th Street, Apartment 4A
New York, New York 10023



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si, do not hesitate

do not let the fall go by

do come and stay for a while in this country paradise before the
fall season begins

the room at the top of the stairs is yours

donald will be lecture-ing this fall on 19th century art

donald will be lecture-ing this fall on 20th century art

donald will be lecture-ing this fall on the art of the renaissance

donald is now and has been and hopes to continue work-ing like
a fanatic, or is it zealot

I am sit-ing in my tinkle-ing babble-ing twinkle-ing shimmer-
ing cool breeze bird twitter cars up there somewhere my bag here
along side of me food in my friday morning belly grotto
it is cool and dark and clean in here and out there the sun is
strong and the colours are green

do come

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Granesville, Pa. 16410

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249 West 76th Street, apartment 4A
New York, New York 10023



3929

PERKINS COVE
OGUNQUIT, MAINE

One of the many snug harbors of the Maine Coast.
It is well known for its hand draw bridge and
unusual artist shops.

Aug 23
1948

NATURAL COLOR
Hilde Roberts
BERKELEY CALIF.

Published by Bromley & Company, Inc., Boston 15, Mass.



By the time you
receive this card,
i hope you are
once again on top of
the world where you
belong!!

Robert Powell
249 W. 76th St. 4A
New York
New York

AIRMAIL
PAR AVION

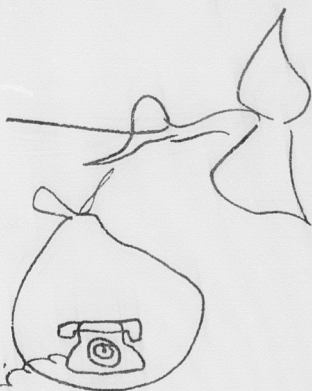
ME1324 - Color Photo by Jack Bromley



3930

Announcing the arrival of
(617) 254-0470
at

1691 Commonwealth Ave.
#28
Brighton, Mass.
02135



COME VISIT
Anytime —
Janice

3931



BOSTON, MA 021
6000
Charles F. Sullivan
1973

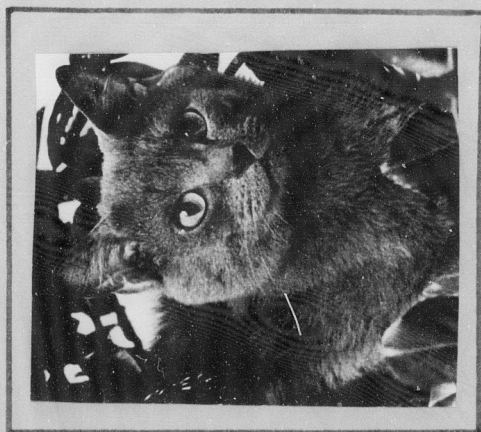
Ull

Robert Powell
249 W. 76th St-4A
New York
New York 10023

3932

dear

ROMAN



742-00

3933

Three ladies who like you (and one who ADORES you)
are longing to see you as soon as it suits you.

This trio is hoping you'll be happy to see us
at the end of september
for a weekend of concerts, surprises, celebrations
and the candlelight suppers for which you're so famous.

Please don't disappoint us--we promise you pound cake
for a thesis completed
two days and two nights filled with fine wine and laughter.

We look forward to sharing the delights of Manhattan...
a weekend in autumn with a very special friend.

Our love,
Maqie
Janice
Pacey

3934



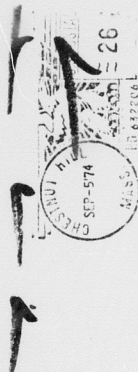
210 Boylston Street/Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts 02167

307
1211-1215
410-1100
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mg
200 Wagon
555
950
3935

AIR MAIL

AIR MAIL

Mr. Robert Powell
249 W. 76th
New York, New York
10023





3936

ORANGE MARKET
 Monotype by Maurice Prendergast, American, 1899-1924
 The Museum of Modern Art, New York
 Gift of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Friday
 Sept. 6

THE U.S. MARINE CORPS
 IS LOOKING FOR
 A FEW MORE
 SEVENTH
 REGIMENT
 FOR HAWAII
 1921
 4A

Joy & I are at the
 museum now - having
 a really nice time
 together. We are off to take
 tea at Copley Plaza -

we've ordered tickets for
 the Philharmonic for 28th.
 Hope all is well with
 you - ~~Love~~

Robert Powell
 249 W. 76th
 4A

New York
 New York



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A Muse-ment Press
414 East 78th Street
New York, New York 10021
September 15, 1974

Dr. Silas Robert Powell
249 West 76th Street
New York, New York 10023

Dear Dr. Powell,

This is to inform you that the following aphorism is my favorite:

"The proverb, 'A rolling stone gathers no moss' is unclear.
Which, if either, is to be commended -- the stone which rolls
or the moss which fails to adhere?"

Other particular partialities include:

p. III, No. 3
IV, 4
V, 1
VI, 5
VII, 1
VII, 4
X, 3
XI, 1
XV, 1
XVI, 4
XVIII, 1
XVIII, 5
XXI, 5
XXII, 5

I regret to inform you that I have discovered typographical errors (no doubt due to the carelessness of a novice secretary) on XVII, 2 ("brilliant" should, I assume, read "brilliant;" and we all must acknowledge the fact that an "I" generally lends great meaning to any conviction) and XXI, 5 ("the" should read "that"). I express my hopes that you will see to these corrections immediately and relay them to our offices by taxi.

In all my years as a journalistic mentor, I have never, until the night preceding, had the experience of smirking broadly whilst on a crosstown ride on the 79th Street bus. Imagine my fallen image, the questioning glances of my fellow passengers. 'Twas most amusing.

We plan, Dr. Powell, to run a first edition of 500,000 (five hundred thousand), to be followed by another edition, as needs and demands create. The tastes of the middle class are frequently dictated by their meals of the evening before. As you yourself might say.

We are all looking forward, here at A Muse-ment Press, to your next book, "The Letters of the Countess Castiglione."

Yours in good faith and platitudinous salutations,

Gail Trebbe Johnson
Gail Trebbe Johnson
Editor-in chief

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Sept 18, 1974

ent in the half-light over the letters of the Countess Castiglione
"), I am having a high hilarity at my desk, making up philoso-
half-rhymes, half-stories, half-poems, half-theories. Which makes
two instead of one, but I never claimed to be a logical person. At any
rate (and it seems to be a fast-clipped one), I enclose (include is really a
better word) the following, which slipped like the rosy fingers of dawn
from my pen. I present it to you unabridged and uncensored.

* * * * *

Tonight at 7:00 the Reverend Sun Myung Moon spoke at the Garden.
He is like Muad 'Dib of DUNE, a religious and political leader, and sup-
posedly, they've got the advantage over the normal all-one or all-the-other
type. But what comes first? Perhaps God bent a finger over Korea and
said, "Hey, man, I think your slanted moon-eyes could be my-uown light
of the son of England." America is to be saved by this man. I read it
all today on Lex and 57th. Sun my-young moon. Sung my young moon. Sun.
Son my young man. Religious fever, political fervor -- a perfect revolu-
tionary hot-bed. Ssssss.

Prophetable names. Take Jesus, e.g. Pronounced 1'Espagne,
it reads "Yay-su." Yay, then, the yes word. Or, in the vulgar sense, the
replay of the Negro servant to his master...Yay-suh.

Buddha, transmogrified to its extremities: "Buddy." What a
friend we have in Jesus; what a pal we have in Buddha.

The guru Mahara-ji is the first pop-prophet. He eats ice
cream and is fat.

So that is the meaning of the term, "Holy shit."

When I write like this, am I working? O, the creative part
is working, the fun part. It's the ~~max~~ editor in me who's a pain in the
ass. But an undeniable part. Si should coin an aphorism about it: remove
the toothache and you sometimes remove the tooth as well.

Si should mint an aphorism about it. Si should coin a mint.
Mint two-lips. Mint tulips for a suner's day afternoon.

Si should mint a coin about it.

* * * * *

How amusing. I shall send you any further installments that I think
worthy of your simultaneous eyes.

I'm having a great time with this.

[a new york friend]

Hebbe

3939

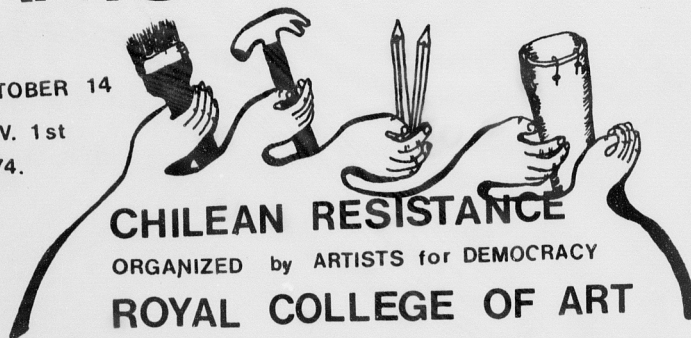
Trebbe
414 East 78th Street
NYC 10021



Silas Robert Powell
249 West 76th Street
NYC 10023

ARTS FESTIVAL

OCTOBER 14
NOV. 1st
1974.



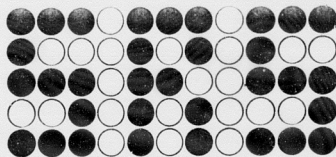
CHILEAN RESISTANCE

ORGANIZED by ARTISTS for DEMOCRACY

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART

info. from: A.F.D. % STUDIO INTERNATIONAL
LONDON 14 west central st. w.c.1

3940



SEAT RESERVATION SYSTEMS LIMITED

233 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE LONDON WC2
PHONE 01-240 2892 TELEX 261628 GRAMS SEATEM LONDON WC2

dearest si,
can you send me any information about spoons,
all kinds, you probably know best the silver, or books
that give some sort of a history or the development of
the spoon, i know that it changed significantly at the time
of Henry the Eighth, and something happened to it during
charles the first..i'll ask donald about that...but most
important of all the uses and the different sociological
implications at different times..silver spoon in your mouth
etc..the first spoon, the largest, smallest, collapsable
gold silver copper wood.etc.

*Exhibition opens
mid Oct.*

no i'm not mad nor am i writing
a meaningful paper on the social implications evolving from
the spoon..i'm doing a construction piece of spoons for
an exhibition for chile, and want to make a book filled with
as much spoon information as possible..cateologesque, i am
xeroxing photos to make my book as cheap as possible. it
also has something to do with the woman in chile using spoons
to beat up the soldiers and throwing pepper in their eyes.
spoons are so beautiful as you know more than i.

what's your quilt like...

heard you finished, very well, we shall celebrate hopefully
mid november with an excellent bottle of wine and yes, some
cheese.....

it must be past time for another telegram to betty
Ophelia sits by my side looking fallish content and quiet

spoonerisms

i'll save all real questions until i see you, letters
are limiting, but xxx know that you come to mind often.

S.

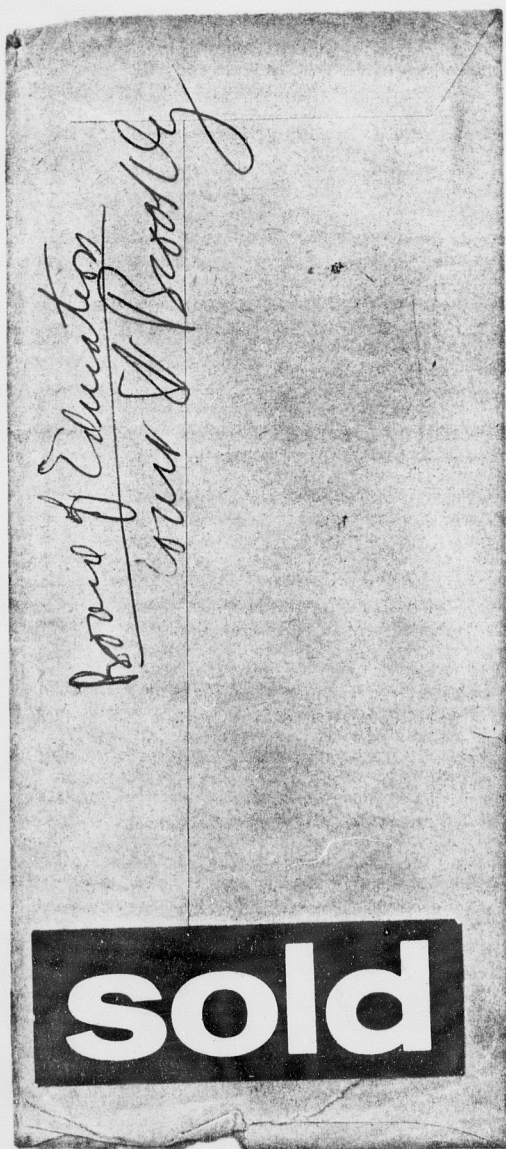
3941

Sylvia Sterns
12 Prince of Wales Crescent
NW1 8HB
London - England.



Mr. R. Si Powell Esq.
249 Waltham St. 4a
New York New York
10023

[SYLVIA was a good friend of DWP's]



3943

51

I am delighted you are talking of come-ing
please let me know when and where you are arrive-ing and I can
arrange to have you met

I should be able to return an other \$100 shortly
the enclosed sheets are copies of some I came across this afternoon
in my type-ing of untyped past work

I wrote them with you in mind

I sometimes address my thoughts to specific people
I have been anxious to catch up with my type-ing so I could send them
to you

they amused me greatly as I typed the copy for you
I made two loaves of rye bread today

3944

Honoré de Balzac (1799 - 1850)

French nineteenth-century novelist

a portrait

Société des Gens de Lettres : a literary [redacted] organization that raised funds

in 1891 the man they first gave the commission to [redacted] died, and through the influence of the new president of the [redacted] Société, Emile Zola, Rodin received the commission in 1891

Rodin read all of Balzac's novels and autobiographies

Rodin too read a lot of critical literature on Balzac

Rodin looked at portraits of Balzac, of which there were over a hundred made during [redacted] Balzac's lifetime

Rodin went to Tours, [redacted] Balzac's hometown, and Rodin obtained the proportions of [redacted] Balzac's body from his tailor

Balzac worked in a [redacted] monk's robe

no books or [redacted] manuscripts in his hand or nearby no desk or pen

a [redacted] Dominican's frock

not even the cord on the robe

arms holding the robe, right leg forward

and what is the gaze

his head is raised, his posture composed

the modelling is become-ing more and more arbitrary

the eyes deeply hollowed

the exaggerated proportions of the eyebrows and moustache

less representational

more arbitrary in the rendering of the features, and grotesque in a sublime rather [redacted] than a caricatural way

the Société des Gens de Lettres refused to accept the commissioned sculpture
the city of [redacted] Paris indignantly [redacted] withdrew its offer to allow the
placing of the monument before the Palais-Royal
the press and the public ridiculed it
Lamartine : "His [redacted] exterior was as uncultivated as his genius.
He had the figure of an [redacted] element : large head, hair disheveled over
his collar and cheeks like a mane which scissors never clipped, blunt
features, thick lips, eyes sweet but full of [redacted] fire."

observe, to do with, to make out of

Heiner painted the porch roof yesterday
a pigeon that russell and ann sold over a year ago has returned
russell and ann went three nights and an afternoon to the Hartford
Fair

I saw [redacted] Flies at Modad's, she looks pretty much the same, but older
I re-member the waitress at the Carwanna Lunch

[redacted] Johnny Hornbeck said hello to me on the street last time
I was here

Margaret was down the house last week
Dad you of course know wears shorts over to Lakeland
the butternut tree seems in fine shape
there goes a car by
Savage makes his noise

Bob has been wondered about : so what if he had your job [redacted]
[redacted] he 'd be get-ing 4 or 5 thousand more a year, look at
where he is now, without a job

I have been asked point blank, as it were, how much rent you pay :
I have suggested that if the [redacted] inquire-ing party wanted to know
that the inquire-ing party should ask the horse's mouth
the kids confused me for uncle [redacted] bob who was go-ing to come back in
10 days

[redacted] I have reported on the K & K weekend assistance, and said that I went
first to [redacted] New York to see you and Trebbe
Johnny Beck's son, aged somewhere 40's or 50's has been sleeping

3947

with his 13 or 14 year old step child
I love the idea of a place called the Stone House
Sharon Decker now married was here this afternoon
no news from Aunt Edna
the fairways are all planted and this gentle rain is good for them
saw a fisherman at Mud Pond today and took his picture, he for me was
and will be the tiny figure in a Kostya painting

I have arranged and on Wednesday I begin and I am scared and confident
and I think I have nothing to say and the rain is blow

the rain has
caused me to ^{move} my chair all the way back and I enjoy sit-ing here in
the only chair out of line, two others accompany me here
on the porch, one looks italian, the other non-descript, what e
means

did you hear the rain in the night
they 're (the golfers) coming at a good even flow
are you finished with your packing

it is rain-ing hard
smoke from a distant cigarette
Savage continues

Cranesville is my world and there I discover in a virgin wilderness,
a wilderness that is just trees and grass and stones and mud and
water and air and life
wondrous nature, I pick tiny flowers and pick up stones, look at
the moon and the stars, I live with, in Cranesville I live with every-
thing, it is a local street, a neighborhood, it is the place where
things are seen through me, it is, in a word, a local street

Carbondale, that is to say this [redacted] house this porch this world this
life this everything is a super-highway, the epitome of the Abstract
I know all the specifics exist, I have seen them and I see them but I
do not look

I can not look

they [redacted] are not mine

I can not have them

this is not my world

I therefore use this place as a laboratory, an empty room, [redacted] a
blank place, a total extreme, and I study the abstract, theory, prin-
ciples

I am just begin-ing to be [redacted] able to listen and look, to

Savage is out here with the bull dozer, or is it doser, do-ing his
week end hour or two
there was a couple on the swing who I looked at and imperiously
adjudge-d scum as I [redacted] came out
there is an older couple in have-ing coffee and a cookie, no doubt
it is 4:30ish and it has been a terrific day, [redacted] golf day
I have brought with me, besides of course the pad I wrote these words
in, my new green one, and a BIG I bought in the Carbondale Newberrys
after I arrived, my [redacted] pen have-ing run out on the way, not far
after Port Jervis, 2500 DREAMS EXPLAINED and a very poshly bound
Shakespeare's Works, both from the bookcase in the parlour, and the
[redacted] walls dissolve under a mantovani swell
the old couple has half gone, Savage is still here, I am in the last
chair on the right, cars go by, Savage turns down the motor to idle,
hello

There are very few people [redacted] who do not dream, though occassionally we
come across people who can truthfully tell us that they have never
known such an occurrence. In such cases we might be more correct if
we assumed that, in actual fact, they do dream, but that they retain
no conscious recollection of the event.

Herbie just walked by, but at a distance, cart behind, it is begin-
ing to rain, I have today gone through all of my boxes, save for 2, and
selected one more box to go to Cranesville
on the break from the "go-ing through my things" (here comes Herbie)
I walked to Mud Pond, took 8 pictures, walked down by Kawash's, down
the road to Post Box 22, that is to say the residence of Russell and
Ann and Company, today was electric fence string-ing day and the horses
have a new pen and we had ice popsicles and I took three or four more
pictures and walked home and finished the packing and here
I am, face and hands washed, sit-ing on the front porch, ready to
go back, that is to say I have had enough here and now I rest and wait
for 12:05 tomorrow and wonder if I will be met at the end of the bus as

3952

Donald W. Powell

51 Bateman Avenue

Granesville, Pa. 16410



S. Robert Powell

249 West 76th Street, # 4A

New York, New York 10023

3953

25 September 1974

My dear Dr. Powell,

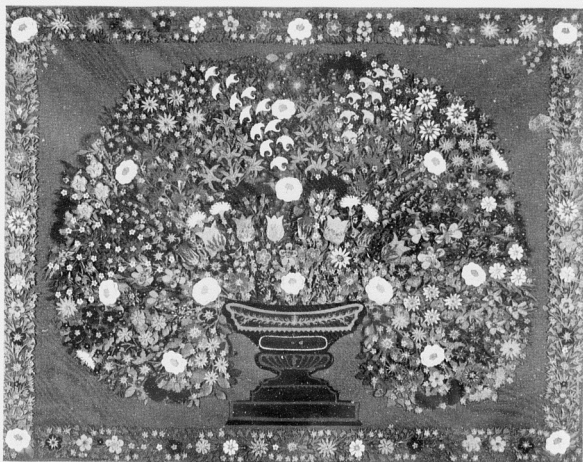
I seem to be getting even spacier as I grow older - I've just noticed that I've addressed the envelope to "Mr." instead of "Dr.", which I had not ~~intended~~ to do, since the purpose of this letter is to congratulate you on having become a Ph.D. So please come me, and receive my most sincere congratulations

22 December

Well, the best-laid plans of mice and men and all that - as if you needed any further proof of my spaciness, I somehow thought I'd finished this letter and sent it to you - but found it again, unfinished and unconsummated, as it were, while packing to leave for Christmas vacation.

So I hope you will accept belated congratulations - and let me add that I heard some very fine things about your dissertation. You should be very proud of your accomplishment - I am sure all your friends, myself not the least, are also very proud of you. Or maybe "happy for you" is a better phrase - in any case, my most sincere congratulations!

When I heard this great news way back last summer, I rushed out and ordered a great spoon for you. It took five months to arrive, but I now have it in my possession, and hope to be able to give it to you when I'm in New York at M.H.A. Are you planning



to attend M.A.? Are you on the job now?
 Are you still teaching at the
 graduate? Well, I do hope to see you
 and learn the answer to all these ques-
 tions - as well as to tell you some of
 the Frozen Norths - an area from which
 with any luck at all, I shall be about
 next year.

Actually I'm afraid this letter and
 I will arrive in N.Y. about the same time,
 but I'll call you when I arrive, and I
 hope you'll have time for a small reunion.
 Meanwhile, all my wishes that the
 coming year will bring you much happiness.

★ Anonymous German floral collage, XIX century, courtesy of the Museum für Deutsche Volkskunde, Berlin, Federal Republic of Germany to benefit UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Fund. ★ Collage floral, œuvre allemande anonyme, XIXème siècle. Reproduction autorisée au profit du Fonds des Nations Unies pour l'enfance (UNICEF) par le Museum für Deutsche Volkskunde, Berlin, République fédérale d'Allemagne. ★ Collage floral alemán anónimo, siglo XIX; cortesía del Museum für Deutsche Volkskunde, de Berlin, República Federal de Alemania. Contribución al UNICEF, el Fondo de las Naciones Unidas para la Infancia. ★ Цветы — коллаж неизвестного немецкого мастера, XIX век, подаренный Музеем народного творчества, Берлин (Федеративная Республика Германия), Детскому фонду Организации Объединенных Наций (ЮНИСЕФ). ★ 德国花卉集锦 十九世纪 柏林德国民俗博物馆 特许联合国儿童基金会使用。

Carpe diem!

Always,
 Virginia

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

3955

Virginia Jones.
968 South 8th St, apt. 9
Moonhead, Minn.
56560



Mr. J. Robert Powell
249 West 76th St,
#4A

New York,
New York

air mail

10023

3956

DEAR ROBERT....

thanks for a wonderful weekend....
i enjoyed the concert, good food and
wine, and of course, the MARVELOUS
COMPANY!!!

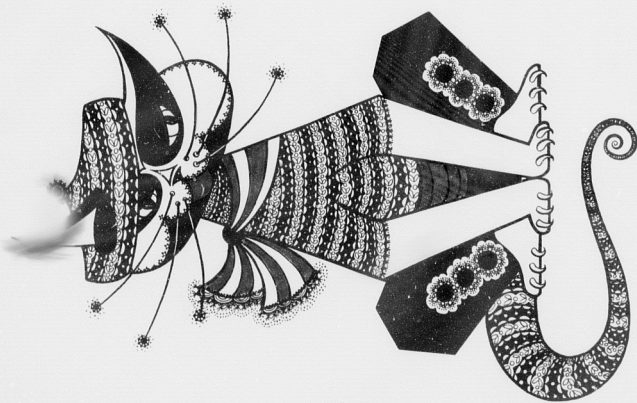
and i would like very much to reciprocate your kindness... the weekend of october 18. both racey and i have kept the weekend OPEN JUST FOR YOU.

we have checked out the "happenings" around town, and can offer you a symphony, a drive into the mountains of new hampshire (where we went today... the colors are so incredible.), and leisurely meals, and lots of laughter.

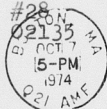
and it is racey's last weekend here. my place awaits you.. as do we....

will we see you oct.18? you will, of course, be met at the station....

P.S. maggie, as you can see on the cover, has gone astray since she left you.....



janice
1691 Comm. Ave. #28
Brighton, Mass. 02135



AIR MAIL

Robert Powell
249 West 76th Street
New York
New York

3958

the corn has been frosted and is dry and rustles in the wind
today along side a farm house sit-ing side by side must have been
at least a hundred bright orange pumpkins
whole trees, or nearly whole trees, of yellow and orange and red
are not un-common
milkweed and thistle seeds fly in the wind
the potatoes are be-ing dug
purple road asters and golden rod [redacted] speckle the roadside or
triumph in whole fields
I drive the back roads
[redacted] waiting
just waiting
how long has it been since I have had an Autumn
where was I last year
there must have been one
oh yes
a pheasant out ahead of me walks across the road
I am sit-ing here with the motor run-ing
another, two, three
hens
what luck
the corn rustles
I am on a break
I [redacted] must go back and do Goya
I do Goya tomorrow for 19th century

I 've just done David and Gros and Géricault and Delacroix and Ingres
tomorrow I do Goya
and maybe Wednesday too
for sure Wednesday too
and for 20th century I 've done Cézanne and Seurat and Moreau and Rodin
and Redon and Puvis de Chevannes
and tomorrow I do Gauguin
you are come-ing
how marvellous
we will have a good time
I want to go to the Cleveland Museum, it 's only 86 miles away, and
I have a car
the car's name is bourgeois

Donald W. Powell
51 Westman Avenue
Greenville, Pa. 16110



RURAL AMERICA



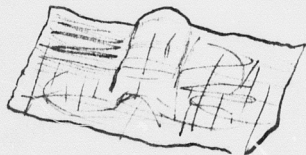
S. Robert Powell
249 West 76th Street, # 4A
New York, New York 10023

3961

OCTOBER 9, 1974

SI...

The subject of my current verbalization is at present sleeping beneath a straw window shade which I found in the garbage near 58th and Second Avenue last Saturday morning, and which lays on my floor (intentionally. It is now a rug.). An illustration must accompany this explanation.



M. le Poet came into my keeping on the 19th of October, 1970. He was left beneath a wooden box (perhaps he is at this moment psychologically recalling that time) on the doorstep of a Yale dean who knew I wanted a gray cat. A note accompanied him. It read: "Please find a good home for my child. (Signed) An unwed mother."

Poet has resided in New Haven, Connecticut; Cambridge, Massachusetts (two apartments); Boston, Massachusetts (three apartments, during my study abroad); and New York (two apartments). He adjusts quickly.

Poet enjoys intellectual conversations spoken in the French language. His second favorite language is German. A prolonged conversation in English tends to make him jittery, for he is much opposed to slang and is very intolerant of the vacillating use of phrases such as "you know" and "like" and "I mean."

His musical preferences have remained quite steady throughout the years. He is partial to compositions in the minor keys. And yes, his favorite Mendelssohn is LIEDER OHNE WORTE. He recently expressed a theory that his own movements, in 4/4 time, can be increased or decreased in tempo while still vibrating on one single chord. When I asked him to be a little more specific, he scowled and withdrew to the closet.

Books. Need I mention poetry? Virgil is his mentor; he approves of the Roman emphasis on agriculture and the impulse to return to the homeland at the end of a harrowing sea journey. (Occasionally, Poet signs his essays with the nom de plume, Aeneas.)

He has studied the ODYSSEY several times, and is currently at work on an intensive study of the Scylla and Charybdis episodes. It is his contention that these creatures are more historically than mythologically plausible, and he finds this a fault in the translation. By studying the Greek original, he hopes to prove that Scylla and Charybdis were actually symbolic of the Yin-Yang dualities and not at all harmful to Ulysses and his men.

Because of his highly emotional and intellectual temperament, Poet needs a great deal of solitude. A paper bag left at his disposal will satisfy his wish for privacy -- somewhere he can go to for meditation, somewhere to call his own.

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He has twice in the past three months been stricken with colitis. This, I must emphasize, is not in jest. In order to prevent further occurrences of this disease, he must eat only the foods that will accompany him. Like the Countess L..., he has brought with him everything he will need.

He considers the drinking of water undignified and middle class. Yet, when no one is looking he will imbibe a bit, and he requests that a little water be kept in his golden goblet with the Greek dancers embossed on it at all times. (Yes, the dancers are embossed on it at all times as well.)

Poet has long nursed a desire to study horticulture. Because of his contempt for rules and regulations, however, he prefers to improvise in the matter of plant care. Therefore, it is best to discourage him. Gently, of course. His temperament.

His favorite pasttime is something he calls Aluminum Allegorical Application. Translated, that means, he very much likes a small tin foil ball tossed onto and about the floor. He chases after it, studying the various rhythms and light-motifs as he bats it with his paws.

Poet has expressed his anticipation of this holiday with you. He plans to use it to complete his Homer study, and to brush up on his Japanese dance ~~studies~~ choreography. A career on the stage has always struck him as a foreseeable one.

TREBBE

SI

It is October 15, and that is National Poet's Day.

Yesterday I figured out what the Tree of Life looked like. It had buds, not fruit or flowers. The buds would ripen and ripen and would not become fruit until the final day, Judgment Day, and then they would burst into the immortal fruit.

This morning, I wrote what Adam felt when he woke and saw Eve and felt the place in his side where the rib had been.

The Muse works.

I read of DEATH IN VENICE in the Sunday TIMES and announced to the air, "We'll never get tickets." Pessimism is a handy tool, a shield against overhope. Overhope can be dangerous. Nevertheless, I will return Friday with my shield, ready to meet Overhope and hoping overly.

(jumping from stone to stone)

I followed the river upstream yesterday. It is American here, the trees are yellow and red and they send off pieces of themselves into the river and the pieces ride downstream. In England the leaves do not change; they merely become faded green and then they cling until they are too tired to do so any more. The English would not dare have such riotous trees as we do here.

I am several thousand miles away from Damon Runyon. That fact is not bad or good; it is merely true. Damon Runyon and New York are Life. This is Truth.

Please inform Poet that I have obtained a rare extant edition of a rough draft of one of Catullus' poems on cats.

Until Friday,

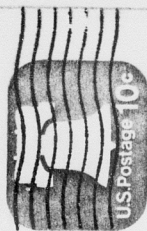
and far beyond, I hope,

I am,

TREBBE

3964

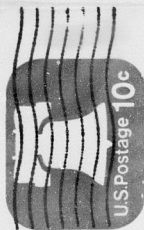
766ba
414 East 78th Street
NYC 10021



Silas Robert Powell
249 West 76th Street
New York, New York 10023

3965

766be
414 East 78th Street
NHC 10021



Silas Robert Powell
249 West 76th Street
New York, New York 10023

3966

10-18-74

Prof. Powell

I attended your French 3. class in Spring 74. I only attended half your exam. On the day of the Translation - half of the exam I awoke late, mainly due to the fact that I work full time from 4:00 P.M. to 12:00 A.M. After trying in vain to contact you, I thought maybe my grade might depend on the first half. But this absence grade is too much.

I would like very much for you to grade me on the half I took or please send or schedule me for a next exam. Thanking you in advance.

Yours respectfully
Leon Moes

24 October 1974
Geneva

Earl & Monique NOELTE

Dear Bob,

'What are you doing,' no, not 'for the rest of your life,' only, on the evening of December 23rd? Prompted by a certain Gisthe who is to arrive at Kennedy on the recorded date, I should like to know - only as her keeper - if you could be at the airport to wish her a 'Merry Christmas'.

The keeper and our 'seagull' will have already been in holiday touch with you because we are flying the Northern route and are to arrive in Boston on the afternoon of the 19th of December. Therefore, we should like to have your phone number, if possible, in advance.

While Norberto and I shall be in New England for three weeks until the 10th of January, which enables us to protect them several radiations, the Gisthe had to find a charter because her stay abroad, and not only due to the climate or the vegetation, dates from the 23rd of December to the 2nd of January. Fortunately, and after much trouble, an appropriate charter was found for Monique from Zurich to New York. Therefore, and if it be possible, she would love to have a moment with you before she flies to Boston later in the evening on the 23rd.

Now a second intrusion: the Gisthe and the keeper would like to know if you could purchase for Monique an open - round way airline ticket dated for departure from New York to Boston, the 23rd of December. If it

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be possible, the return take from Boston to New York should remain open or dated January 2, 1975. If you could purchase this ticket for Monique and send it to her, we would be most grateful for the difference in dollars and Swiss francs of the amount is considerable and in favor of the dollar. Obviously, you will be re-imburshed either from here or in December, whichever you prefer.

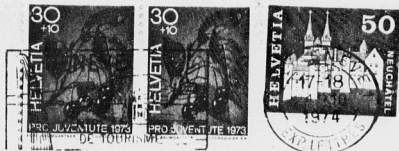
And a detail - if I recall correctly, Monique arrives at Kennedy around 7:30 p.m. on the 23rd. Could you let us know if she will be able to have a flight from Kennedy to Boston later in the evening either earlier or after 9:00 p.m.?

At last the question: Shall we be able to share a few days together in New England during my visit, and if it be possible, while Monique is with us from the 23rd to the 2nd? Our profound hope is that we share the New Year's week through the 2nd or even later, if it be possible for you, at Tilton-on-the-Hudson where I am, seems to have reached an all-time high these past few days. What do you think?

While I await your reaction, insight and answer to the above, I want you to know that my (our) wish for Brooklyn College is considerable. Mme. Weimer responded: "But what about his character?" And, then, "Why doesn't he attract the daughters of the American Revolution?" Since we began our joint production on U.S. Foreign policy, Mme. S. has become most perceptive. Have you made any headway with the Civil Liberties? Please let me know what the situation is. At the moment only certain scenes from Macbeth enlighten my mood.

Do you know that you and Rubin Mchto
have certain gestures in common? The up-raised
chin, the extended arm and the pointed or
directed hand of Mchto brought you so much
to mind that instead of Dvorak, I thought
I heard Strauss, etc. When I told Louise
(Montreal), she smiled!!!

Last week I finished my paper for the
Sorbonne and my conference in December at
that University in Paris on the 13th and the 14th.
The text reads 38 pages, represents much of the
second half of my thesis and concludes a
period of considerable mental torture. So pro-
found was the come down last weekend, that I
stayed in bed, read The German Lesson by
Sylvia Lenz and recovered from a miserable
head cold. But how gloriously the Lesson reads!
Listen: "You don't have to see a thing again to



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249 W. 76th Street, # 4A
New York City, New York
10023
U.S.A.

4

make it remain. There are some things you
have to lose before you can possess them in
peace."

Tomorrow, Monique and I leave with friends
for a weekend in the Alps while Natasha stays
with my brother-in-law's family here in Geneva.
We are both most anxious for a few days above or
in the clouds.

Hopefully, you have looked work while
you continue to pursue a teaching position for
the Spring. Would you say hello to Kate and
Katie for us? And do let us hear from you
when you have the occasion.

Often you tell our thoughts,
P.S. The photo is most unique - Love
not only for the perspective, but
also for nature's force - both Carl, Monique
of which are but your frame! and Natasha
What an impression.

E. Noelle
16, rue François Goy
1206 Geneva
Switzerland

~~October 9x~~

November 2, 1974

SI...

I, too, have made one.

Little by little as it was happening.

Except for the way we write letters, with everything flushed to the left and the names of recipient and sender written (typed, rather) in caps at the left as well (how long have you done that? I've been doing it for about a year.), our methods are slightly different.

You choose to reproduce the original. I choose to send each of you slightly different versions of my original ~~(which is also slightly different from each of the ones I've sent you and Donald)~~

I wonder if Donald is making one too.

He probably is.

The one I wrote about Nyack was slightly different and then slightly different again, too.

But note the recurrence of some of the most memorable quotations, observations, etc. In yours and in mine. In Donald's?

I think I'll go read yours again now.

TREBBE

3972

THOUGHTS, QUOTATIONS, OBSERVATIONS, PERCEPTIONS AND CONVERSATIONS
ON A PARTICULAR (ALMOST 6) FIVE DAYS, OCTOBER 24 - OCTOBER 30, 1974.

"Thunder is not a piccolo."

"I always feel as though I have to make a metropolis out of a sandbox."

All trees, grass, reeds, hills, the color of dusty pink, a powdery rose pressed between the pages of a book.

Donald typing now, early morning, rain falling; staccato sounds, tap tap tap tap tap; I'll go back to sleep.

Donald and I have had our first major talk of this situation. As it always is. The aurora borealis light emerged from brains. Like antennae. Ears, lips, eyes are servants, addenda to that light.

The wide sound, the white-capped, the blue-permeated, the ever-moving, the tumultuous. At the end of ~~rock~~ which are the stones, shells, glass -- the small-colored, the finite, the still and silent, the self-contained. And we.

"Ideas and plans that existed in the mind at the start were simply the doorway through which one left the world in which they occur.... The most important tool the artist fashions through constant practice is faith in his ability to produce miracles when they are needed."

-- Rothko

Loss of innocence is painful because the smack of experience comes before the understanding of what has happened. Reaching out for the bright object, the child encloses his fist round it; it's glass, pain, blood. The scream. Only later, after the pain, comes the understanding of the fact that it was glass and more painful than bright. The smack of experience against pure sweet innocence which is immersed in its own momentary self-involved delight.

The trompe l'oreille of the furnace. Percussion continual downstairs.

The sun on the pumpkin. The pumpkin seeds are dry. The Ode to Joy. The brandy is gold.

Si came downstairs. "A peasant should not go through what I have just gone through."

When I go into the bathroom, the seat's usually up, the water always drips from the faucet, the crocks are filled with water, there's one blue towel which hangs from the shower rail which has no curtain. I get out of the bath and stand on a board in front of the tub. Wooden bathmat. How narrow my footprints, they are crescent-shaped. Little wet moons.

I lie in my bed, the electric wires look like electrocardiographs of a calm person. A rippled window, an agitated pane of glass, creates this effect.

I wonder what Si's room looks like now. How is it different now that he is living in it, different than it was when we arrived?

Donald is putting on his socks. We're going for a Sunday drive.

"It's just as easy to be up as it is to be down. All you've gotta do is change the direction and give it another name."

"I don't believe I'll ever go fishing. On the other hand, I wouldn't at all mind going on a whaling voyage."

"I never cease to be amazed at the pedantic things that titillate the two of you."

"You know -- when I stand on the table, I can smell the hambone."

I have seen the pictures of Pear Tree Cottage. They are, to me, more Pear Tree Cottage than pictures. More Donald than Pear Tree Cottage. The artist is always in the work.

Two weeks ago, I stayed in Hartsville. Now I am in Cranesville.

The color of this dress is Mary Magdelene blue.

What, then, was the truth of those particular trees?

Iconic.

Eloquent.

Primitive.

All of the above.

None of the above.

The kids are throwing corn at the windows. Young kids by moonlight maddened. Juvenile girls who profess their juvenile adulation of Donald by bombarding his windows with symbolic confetti. Juliet serenading Romeo. Corn percussion. The giggle disguises the blush of love.

"Donald! Somebody's laying seige!"

Beethoven's Ninth, the Second Movement. Long shot: the sea, the waves surging surge surge, surging up and up and up and over and up and over and onto the shore.

New shot: closeup: the puddles between the rocks where the barnacles, snails, shells cluster in shallow pools. The rising tide comes poking into the pools to cover them. Gentle, bit by bit. Rolls back to sea.

The white caps again. Full white foaming lines round, break, spill, re-form, roll, break, come and repeat repeat repeat.

"I don't want to re-write the Bible at all."

I have walked back through the length of the cornfield. Each stalk touched by silver moonlight-nearly-full. As though it were the moon that had tapped the corn, crystallized it, made it parchment-crisp and silver-blue. The detail of moonshadow.

We have laughed uproariously over a deficient spatula.

"Maybe I'll give my class an autobiography tomorrow."

Here in the sun-still daylight, I sit with my feet on the grate which looks like a waffle. We have heard all of The Ninth this morning. There is the sound of Si downstairs, water running, clink of something on the counter. Now in early sun-silence, early afternoon, I have tried to define a place for Eve in Eden. The trains make several sounds. I feel the expanse of the hall with Donald's royal blue cover at the end. The expanse of the day from then till now and a little beyond. The expanse of this room which is not quite mine, my 2 bags like little islands on which I've staked my claim. Si is whistling The Ode to Joy. I feel the expanse of the silence, scratched with occasional sounds, as a slate is scratched with chalkmarks. There is an expanse about Eden which I am trying to fill.

The Beach with Beautiful Stones, trees like prehistoric beasts, flat stones, the soundings of a chipmunk, the leaves, the lavender sky-sea turning to black-lined-with-silver-moon, the moonshadows, the sand, the trees again, always the trees.....

"And you throwing stones in the water and Si bouncing on that tree....."

"And you made that stone skip about nine times....."

There is a minimum of 186 words that can be found within one: transmogrification.

"We have arrived."

"We have?"

PAID TO ORDER
414 EAST 70th STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021



S. ROBERT POWELL
242 West 76th Street
New York, New York 10023

Sun Nov. 3, '74

Dear Bob,

How about the Spring weather we have had for the last two K, 72° here on Friday - of course a couple of weeks ago we had it 11° and 14°.

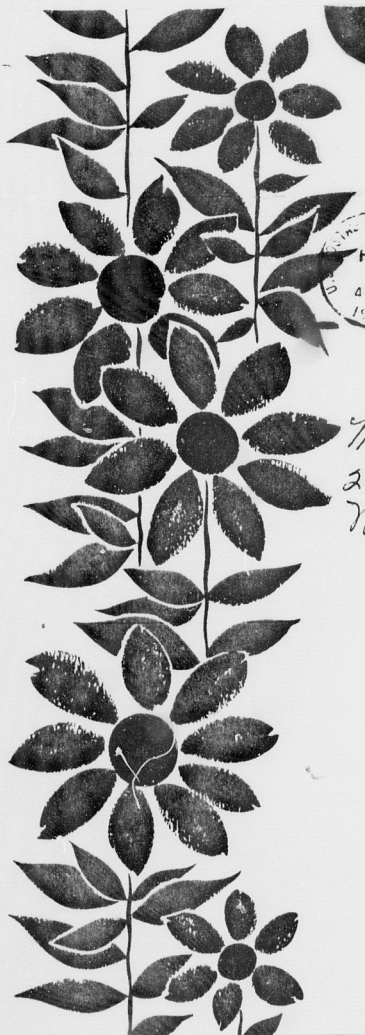
Did your prospects of a college next semester come thru - in other words, did you find a job? ???

Lots of golfers came out of hibernation and played golf this week.

Did Russ have the pony Cart when you were home - well he got one and it is so cute to see him with three little heads riding around.

The leaves were beautiful a couple of weeks ago then a couple of hard frosts and they all fell off - two weeks ago ~~to~~ we had 11° and 14°. Brrr.

Are you planning on coming home for Thanksgiving? If it can, write you want you get it!!! Love Mom



Mrs. Helen R. Powell
R.D. 1
Carbondale, Pa. 18407



Mr. S. Robert Powell
249 W. 76th St. Apt 4A
New York, N.Y. 10023

3977

November 13, 1974

SI.....

Here is the story of That Day.

Do you think the AMA xerox machine would mind indulging in each of these pages twice? I would be delighted if that arrangement could be made with it.

Could every day be patterned and woven as this one was? If life is a novel, why not? If a person is always within his landscape, why not?

I think so.

TREBBE

3978

14 November 1974
Geneva

Earl & Monique NOELTE

Dear Bob,

Once again, I am in the hospital where most likely I shall have to have another operation on my spine. At the moment I do not know when my second spinal hernia will be removed. It seems that I have cultivated either the 'girth' or the talent to form at least one kind of 'growth'.

Last Friday I had to have a rather complex X-ray on my spine which reveals a second hernia in the same position as the earlier one. Since that examination I was unable to leave my bed until the hospital called yesterday morning to tell me to enter the world of 'ambly' as soon as possible. Therefore, here I be!

Unfortunately, you will have to cancel Monique's reservation because I shall be unable to travel for some time. For whatever effort you make, I am grateful, which I regret, and more than my pen conveys, that our plans for Noel have melted like the first snow. If it be possible, my Mother will come in a week or two to help us at home while I am in the hospital and then, in convalescence at home. I spoke with my parents yesterday morning to bring them up to date and to ask Mom if she would be able to come. Within a few days Monique and I should know. If possible, I would like Monique and Natasha to remain

together, while I am between the sheets and though I shall be limited in my efforts for some time.

Hopefully, you are well and have thought to send a word or two to us. So anxious to share a few days with you now, I have that hollow feeling. There too, a letter from you would make them fill the gap.

Of the distance that separates me from the Institute, my yearning, my thesis and my plans to have been in Paris in early December, and like those holiday plans, to which I have returned, only one, your letter word echoes throughout me. But enough of that.

Did you hear Van Kinslin and Berlin during their recent New York visit? The other day I learned that they have released a new interpretation of Strauss's "Death and Transfiguration" with a few of his lieder by Snow. Le Monde holds the recording to be beyond equal.

Manique's boss was in New York City earlier this month. He had the excellent idea to return to Geneva with the Sunday New York Times and be joined by the Arts and Entertainment section on home. I read not only the smallest print but even in between the lines. What medicine!!

Natasha comes and visits me in the afternoon: she sits beside me and either plays with her toys or sings with me. My God what a joy she be for me! Needless to write that she also upholds Manique.

3.

Will you tell me what you have been doing recently? Hopefully and most likely, you are at work - but where and with whom? Also what is new with Kate and Kasia as well as your family? Shed or bring forth a little light when you have the occasion!

After one day at the hospital I have enough impressions to write Chapter 3, maybe even Volume 3, of what it is to be 30. When I arrived yesterday, in the bed opposite me was a fellow who had fallen from his cycle. Upon his table, in a silver frame and in black and white was a photograph. With my third glance I became convinced that the photo was a male. None the less, I had to prove it, while my mind raced from the hindresser, to the model

E. Noelle
16 Br. Groot
1208 Geneva
Switzerland

3981

To finally name other than John Holiday - the French Elvis, who has posed with his crash helmet and his black leather jacket, which is obviously open. A few moments later the fellow's mother arrives with her son's motorcycle jacket which she has washed and together they examine the damage done. Unfortunately, she forgot his blue jeans which created quite a scene. (They came this morning, brought by his father.) But no less than the next they began when one of his friends arrived in a wheel chair, and ended when my roommate told me, "He had his (accident) three months ago. Will never walk again." Then he really looked at me and said, "Like me he's only 19!" Until that moment I had been convinced that he and I were the same age.

Take care and write — Carl

LUFTPOST
PAR AVION VIA AEREA

Novembre
le mois du
partage pour



Monsieur S. R. POWELL
249 W. 76th Street #4A
NEW YORK, NY 10023
U.S.A.

3982

Earl & Monique NOELTE

Genève, le 21 novembre 1974.

Mon Cher Bob,

Il me semble que chaque fois que je m'adresse à toi c'est pour t'annoncer de mauvaises nouvelles. Mais cette fois-ci Earl a eu le temps de t'écrire un mot avant.

Earl a été opéré par le Professeur Werner, d'urgence, vendredi dernier. Ils ont trouvé une grosse récurrence d'hernie discale plus un kyste fibreux assez gros. L'opération a été assez longue, le réveil extrêmement douloureux pour Earl, ~~mais~~ ainsi que les trois jours qui ont suivi.

Actuellement Earl ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ est obligé de s'asseoir pour les heures de repas, et obligé d'être debout pour les toilettes et les soins. Il est extrêmement fatigué, très faible, avec un moral qui est loin d'être au beau fixe. Je ne veux pas te cacher la situation mais Earl rumine beaucoup : il a dû abandonné, pour une longue période probablement, l'Institut, ~~abandonné~~ abandonné ses cours d'anglais. De plus Earl avait proposé à sa mère de venir quelques semaines mais son père n'a pas voulu prétextant mille et une raisons et Earl a été beaucoup affecté par l'attitude de son père. (ne lui en parle pas).

Nous ne savons pas combien de temps Earl restera à l'hôpital, mais les médecins attendent les résultats du laboratoire de pathologie pour savoir ce qui a été enlevé.

Nous sommes peinés à la perspective que nous ne pourrons pas te voir durant les fêtes de fin d'année. Earl en particulier se réjouissait tellement. Maintenant nous ne savons pas très bien à quand sera remis ce voyage d'autant plus que Earl n'est pas très

3983

pressé d'aller rendre visite à son père.
(Ceci dit entre nous : son père exigeait que nous envoyions deux tickets d'avion alors que nous n'avons même pas l'argent). J'ai trouvé cela un peu fort et cette histoire m'a rendu malade, d'autant plus que je n'ai jamais été habituée à cette mentalité arriérée de faire des enfants pour que ~~leur~~^{ceux-ci} s'occupent d'eux. La situation au téléphone était si grotesque que j'ai failli éclater de rire.... Enfin, pas d'autres commentaires à ce sujet.... Tu connais suffisamment Earl Noelte père et également les incidents qui sont arrivés lorsque j'étais là-bas. Je me souviendrai de l'accueil chaleureux qui m'avait été fait !!!

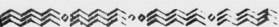
Bob, depuis longtemps nous voudrions savoir si tu as trouvé un job d'enseignement à ton convenance. Si tu es libre au moment de Noël pourquoi ne viendrais-tu pas faire une petite visite à Earl. Tu pourrais voir notre Natacha; Earl l'appelle maintenant sa Mouette et l'hôpital le frustre énormément de sa fille. J'aimerais tellement savoir quand ils le laisseront rentrer à la maison.

Maman est ici actuellement car j'étais épuisée à la fin de la semaine dernière avec toutes ces émotions successives. Maman s'occupe de Natacha et de la maison ce qui me laisse le temps d'aller travailler et faire les courses régulières maison-hôpital.

Je ne vais pas m'attarder Bob, car je voudrais encore écrire une ou deux lettres avant de partir voir Earl. Mais je voulais quand même te donner quelques nouvelles brèves. Je t'envoierai quelques lignes dans quelques jours.

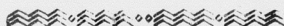
Mouigue,
Earl & Natacha

Mrs. Russell



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New-York City

N.Y. 10026.

U.S.A.

3985

My Christmas Card



3986

'tis the season to be jolly tra la la la la la la la

city sidewalks, busy sidewalks, dressed in holiday style,
in the air there 's a feeling of Christmas

it is now October 19th

there are 77 days 'till Christmas

now is the time for the tra la la la la and the deck the halls
when it comes Christmas time all this city sidewalks tra la la

la la deck the halls stuff will seem so lifeless and dead

because it will have been for so long

but now, now it lives

now is the first thought of it

now is the thought of it be-ing

today it snow flurried for the first time seriously

yes there was that snow about a week ago

snow torn down out of the sky the torrent of a season change

and yes there was that hail even before that which was the first
solidification out of the sky

but today was the first time it snowed in the naturalness of the day
it just happened this morning

it snuck down, it drifted down between the crack of the life every-
body is leading

and if you weren't here to see it then there is no sign of it left
it is Saturday morning and I slept well last night and I got up
not knowing where I was or what I was do-ing, that is to say I got
up so soundly rested that I was a total blank
as I was make-ing the bed a little while ago I discovered that I
went out so fast last night that I didn't even remember to check
how the new pillow was
I have been suffering my way through a too thin pillow for so long
that I have gotten used to the deformity
I have even gotten to the point, quite unconsciously of course, of
folding it over so ● that it is just a little bit too thick
anything is better than that too thin soup I have been have-ing
to deal with

yesterday towards the end of the day I brought those new pillows
in out of the back room, and later took one up and changed it with
the one on my bed

I went out so fast last night that I [REDACTED] didn't even remember
to appreciate it

I will tonight

will I

I am have-ing breakfast now

the waffle mix is mixed and the iron is on and the table is set

I still don't have a table proper

I am wondering [REDACTED] about what I will do today

I am playing it by ear

last night I went out like a light

[REDACTED] ^{iron} the waffle [REDACTED] was so hot that it was steaming like
burning grease too hot

waffles are done when they stop [REDACTED] steaming

I hope they don't stick

they seem like they might

the first batch was pretty crumby, that is to say exclusive-ly
crumby

I had to scrape them off particle by particle from the top
and the bottom of the iron

at least it happened when I was here by myself, reasoned I, and

I continued my thinking in thinking about how we used to
as kids have a special Saturday breakfast, waffles

with a great deal of good humour and thoughts of what drastic
measures I could take if the desired effect

isn't forthcoming, I await the outcome of the third

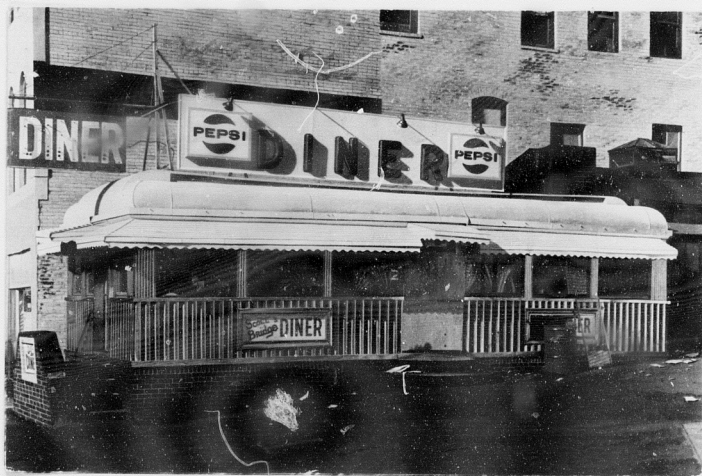
Donald W. Powell
51 Bateman Avenue
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POSTAGE DUE 10¢
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249 West 76th Street, # 4A
New York, New York 10023

VOIDED

POSTAGE
DUE

3991



John Baeder
 Scott's Bridge Diner
 Oil on canvas 54" x 78"
 Collection Dr. and Mrs. Stanton Rosenberg
 Shawnee Mission, Kansas



Si-
 Having show at
 Hundred Acres
 Gallery - 456
 West Broadway
 December 7-28th
 Hope you can get
 down and see a
 bit of dinerdom. Tim

S. Robert Powell
 249 W. 76 St
 NYC 10023

[John Baeder, the painter] 3992

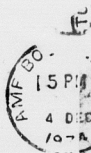
Broccoli Soufflé

2½ lbs broccoli ¾ c. heavy cream
 5 egg whites 1 tsp. salt
 pinch of white pepper ½ pinch of
 nutmeg. Preheat oven to 400° Cook
 broccoli until tender
 10-15 minutes
 drain.

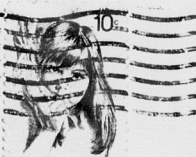


Put, salt, cream and pepper, nutmeg, broccoli into blender and puree. Set aside. Beat egg whites until stiff. Fold into broccoli mixture. Pour into 6 buttered 4 oz. cups and set into a shallow pan of hot water. Bake 20-30 min. at 375°.

AIR MAIL



FRANCIS
 PICKMAN
 AMERICAN
 HISTORIAN
 10c



Retarded Children
 Can Be Helped

Robert Powell
 249 West 76th St.
 New York
 New York

3993

Diane is coming with
me to visit - we shall
arrive Friday evening
(Dec. 13) around 11 pm -
loaded down with all
sorts of good things.

We had thought of
perhaps going to the
Nutcracker on Sat.
night - what do you
think? if you think
it's a good idea, could you
get us tickets? ↓

here is money - if
you need more, we'll
pay you later - OK?

See you then -

Janice

A MONTAG NOTE

JANICE GLASSER		No. 116	
3443 AFTON			
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3994

December 5, 1974

Dear Earl and Monique,

Just a moment ago I put down the phone from having spoken with Tilton, New Hampshire, and I am delighted to learn that all is well, both nationally and internationally, with the Noeltes. Dot and Earl, both seemed to be in good voice and spirits. In reply to the inquiry, "Hello, Mrs. Noelte, how are you?" your mother, Earl, replied with a sentence that was, *à la fois*, encyclopedic, lapidaristic, delivered in a staccato manner and punctuated with several "God bless you's." In short, a sentence in the Voltarian manner. How good it is to hear again the voices of old and very dear friends, who, thank God, never change. A letter from Switzerland had arrived two days ago, so I was informed, and contained the good news that you are both making your way through this unseasonal chute de neige in good order. Earl, it is my considered opinion that in order to avoid any further medical complications that you should immediately engage a staff of 26 servants (of both sexes) to look after your person and property. Monique, of course, would have a similar number, unless, naturally, given the season, you felt you could make do with a combined staff of 50, which might be a hardship at this season. I leave the matter entirely in your capable hands.

My pursuit of a teaching position in New York City has been diligent but largely unproductive. I have not given up hope. I continue to work in one capacity or another for American Management Associations which, it goes without saying, is hardly enough to keep the mind alive, but which, as it turns out, keeps my landlord and grocer smiling. With reference to things mental Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center see to that in good order. This season has been largely symphonic. How odd, here it is almost mid-December and I have been to the opera on three or four times. Carnegie Hall has been my salvation. I did see the Berlin Philharmonic with van Karajan--twice, in fact. At the one concert he did the 3rd and 1st Symphonies of Brahms, at the other he did the 8th Symphony of Bruckner. Not a bad bit of music all that! The highlight of both concerts was the First Symphony of Brahms. Mahler's Symphony No. 9 (NY Philharmonic--Boulez), Mahler's Symphony No. 4 (Los Angeles--Mehta), Mahler's Ruckert Lieder--Janet Baker (Los Angeles Philharmonic--Mehta) are some of the more memorable works of the season. Much of my musical energy has been directed to that course on The Ring that I am taking at NYU this semester. Most enlightening. The class meets once a week for two hours for twelve weeks--which means that we have 6 hours of lectures on each of the four operas in the ring. Most enlightening.

I dine tomorrow night at Kate and Kostya's. Kostya had a disagreement with the conductor in one of the orchestras in which he plays and walked off the stage never to return again. Kate has judged Kostya's action as inspired. They send their greetings to you both. They have a new cat--Lisa--who followed Kostya home one day.

Much of my time is now spent with pen in hand, so to speak. I am writing an epistolary novel in the 18th century manner; have just done some more aphorisms for a collection of aphorisms that I am doing; and am putting the finishing touches on what I hope will be an article on Flaubert; also have done some review-type articles for books or exhibitions of friends' works. And so it goes.

Pax:

3995

Earl & Monique NOELTE

12 December 1977
Genus

Dear Bob,

Though I still be flat on my back, I want to thank you for your letter and for your phonecall to Tom & W. My parents were delighted! I, too, appreciate your thoughtfulness.

New York City seems to hold you even if, and for the moment, AMTA is your provider. At least you have everything else - from the Ring to "inspired" Kate and Kostya - which is considerable. Dare I write "global"!!

That you had two evenings with Berlin and Van Kleejin, leaves me somewhat divided: I should for you - I should be I. However, when I came home on the 3rd, the album of Richard Strauss, of which I wrote to you, swayed me. Glorious! - especially Janowitz's vocalization.

Showered in Mehler, who needs opera? When I am a bit stronger, that is, able to remain seated for more than 15 minutes, I shall most likely, let go with his 9th Symphony.

What do they tell me: that I am in convalescence until early or mid-February; that I have to wear my cast until early January; that the doctor swears me next Wednesday for my initial check-up; and that I am not to

3996

force myself. How can I? Fortunately, I am
an avid reader.

Monique, though weakened by November's
storm, is recuperating quite well. Like me,
she needs sleep; therefore, life is quiet. None
the less, we have Natasha who awakens us
each day. Yesterday, her doctor found her to be
imposing!! With a new sound nearly every day,
with a curiousness 'sans fin', with her deep
blue eyes - at least, she be that, but also,
much, much more.

When you see Kate and Kostya, will you
convey our best wishes to them - also, our
Holiday greetings. Certainly, you will do the
same when you are with your family. I
assume that you will be with them for Christmas.
More than once, I have recalled the 'Homestead' -
especially, in Autumn...

Your actual writing interests - intrigues, even me.
Hopefully, you will think to let us share - if and when
it be possible - one of your works. While we wait,
maybe a letter or two will come our way.

Most likely, Monique wrote of our disappointment
not to be with you at the year's end; I only wonder
which pain be worse - physical or mental. Because
I have most recently experienced both, I have more
than a few, loose thoughts on the subject. But
not now...

Run to Rockefeller Center, taste a snowflake
and recall "Romeo and Juliette" - yes, it seems
like yesterday... My very best to you, as always,
Ezr/

PAR AVION LUFTPOST
VIA AEREA
PAR AVION LUFTPOST
VIA AEREA



Monsieur S. Robert POWELL
249 West 76th Street

NEW YORK, N.Y. 10023, U.S.A.

Mon cher Bob,

Je voudrais ajouter ces quelques lignes pour t'adresser tout d'abord mes voeux à l'occasion des fêtes de fin d'année qui sont si proches maintenant. Nous regrettons Earl et moi que le plaisir de te voir ne soit reporté aux Calendes Grecques....

L'état d'Earl ne s'améliore que très lentement mais le plus important, c'est son moral qui va beaucoup mieux. Il ne peut s'asseoir que trois *fois* 15 minutes par jour (pour les trois repas), *et* faire une promenade de quelques ~~jeu~~ minutes chaque jour. J'ose cependant espérer qu'il pourra, une fois la fatigue nerveuse et physique disparue, faire des pas de géants dans sa convalescence. Bien sûr nous resterons ici pour les fêtes (je serai obligée de travailler, finalement).

3998

M. & Mme Earl NOELTE
16 rue Francois Grast
CH-1208 GENEVE
Tél. 022/36.32.42

Sa nostalgie est grande de ne pas pouvoir aller aux Etats-Unis prochainement : le "morceau" est maintenant digéré et nous avons décidé de ne plus faire de projets, de vivre au jour le jour.

De mon côté, j'ose espérer que dès qu'Earl sera sur ses jambes je pourrai faire une escapade, je ne sais encore où, mais être loin pour quelques jours, ne serait-ce que pour me sortir ce de tourbillon dans lequel nous sommes coincés depuis maintenant 5 semaines.

Comme je te l'avais dit ma mère est venue pour quelques jours. Maintenant nous avons une "aide familiale" qui vient à la maison pour s'occuper de Natacha durant mes heures de travail.

Profites au maximum de la vie culturelle de N.Y. puisque de notre côté, nous sommes plus souvent dans notre lit que dans la rue !

Avec toutes mes affectueuses pensées. *Melique*

BIRD OF PARADISE



The Bird of Paradise (strelitzia reginae) has its origin from South Africa and is a relative of the banana tree. These curious showy flowers of orange, yellow and blue, peep out from the leaf blades that reach 3 or 4 feet high and look like brilliant birds ready to fly away.

Photo by Ted Lagerberg

Photo Number Color 100 N.E. 1861A Terr. Miami Fla 33142

The name of this particular bird is Eve. I find that ideas round into shapes here, biteable images. I have already found Sun you's house & been to the race track.

Print Color Cards.
HARTHORN N. J.

PG 128
70437

PLEASE MAIL
EARLY FOR
CHRISTMAS



POST CARD

Address

S. Robert Powell
249 West 76th St
New York City
New York 10023

4000

The lamp is lit in the front room and it is still daylight out,
but it won't be for long.

Mid-winter spring for a [redacted] day or maybe for a couple of days
permits a relaxation.

I have to go to a meeting at school in a few hours. I am looking
forward to go-ing. The meeting is a mechanical formality. I am
grate-full for the opportunity to have [redacted] something to do. I
do not feel like do-ing anything today. The [redacted] semester is about
over. One more class, tomorrow, and I am glad. I am tired. And
I need a rest. I want to get away from here. But where will I [redacted]
go. Where can I go.

I am playing a record and the [redacted] bread is on its first and only
rise. It doesn't smell very nice [redacted] today. I have taken a
little walk to the post office and mailed my motor vehicle regis-
tration and a letter to Margot.

I wore my boots and when I went out I knew I was go-ing to take a
photograph, my photograph for today, of Cranesville Creek.
Rather than come-ing back the way I [redacted] went I, on an impulse, and
because I had my boots on, cut down over the hill and found myself
in a wet woodland, with the rush-ing stream, and the grey sky, and
the wet trees. The sky was sunless. But lovely grey. I could see

my house from there. I remembered the last time I stood in a place like that. And how I felt. Here I am again. And this is [redacted] this time. My life is become-ing more familiar.

I am practice-ing my pirouette today. I began it yesterday.

Spin. Transcend. Tears. Tears of the begin-ing. Tears of the end. It is over. I have done.

I have learned. Magic figure, magic [redacted] figure. Spin and whirl in the light. It is. It is. I am.

The record stuck. I had to get up. I am here.

I am in a burst of activity. It comes from the energy at a beginning. [REDACTED] Tonight is Thursday. Yesterday was Fritz. He did Lohengrin, act III, doubtless. Your letter came today.

Wasn't it strange to be at home after you 've [REDACTED] left, that is to say wasn't it strange to see what went on in the house after you went out of the driveway. I was very touched at the flurry of intensity that accompanied my departure.

I am now [REDACTED] stretching my fourth canvas. I was about to put the first tacks in when the record, Vivaldi flute concerti, stuck. The record is bore-ing. I am playing it so I won't have to play it again. I need something to go on that I have not the slightest bit of attachment to or passion for. So it goes. I brought it back with me and I feel I [REDACTED] at least have to listen to it. There is an opening in "my" gallery tonight. At Edinboro. A [REDACTED] sculptor. From Canada. [REDACTED] Cost nearly \$2000 for the show and to get him here and back. I think it 's a bunch of junk and my ouvertly cynical talk is now over. I have said enough.

The concerto that goes now I recognize.

My canvases are three feet by four feet. I do one a month. There are 12 [REDACTED] square feet in each one. I do twelve a year. The first canvas is about finished. The second one is well-underway.

The third one is started. I am now ready-ing the fourth.

These sheets are one a week. Each Thursday night. This is the third one. I will send them when I get four. I have started to do the same thing with Trebbe. I write her a sheet on Sunday. Natural-ly I keep a copy for myself. The first one for you was the sheet which began I should be delighted to accept your most delightful offer. I wrote that sheet on a Thursday night. That is why I am do-ing this on Thursday night. In addition to stretching the canvas and type-ing I am do-ing my exercises.

Made the second payment on my car today.

4004

I am about ready to leave here and come to New York tomorrow and it scares me to realize how much I feel I deserve this holiday.

I should be delighted to accept your most delightful offer.

If things go as I have plan-ed them I will leave Edinboro -
Cranesville in the afternoon on Friday, twenty two November and
arrive at your home on that very day, or perhaps early on the
morning of Saturday.

I will eat on Thursday, the twenty eighth. But only you and I shall
know.

Motoring to Pennsylvania will be such fun. I look forward to it
immense-ly.

The photograph verifies that my steadfast post box has withstood the
recent flurries of snow.

DD73 178 845 I found while dusting.

The building at the corner is called the Word Emphasis Crusades bu-
ilding.

Today is Thursday and my bread for today is rye-raisin with a large
dash of molasses, the molasses you bought for
the ham.

4005

My grocery store mad-ness today resulted in a [redacted] bottle of horse-radish, a cabbage to eat with the bottle of mayonnaise, a huge 'coffee jar' bottle of wild strawberry jam, some of my regulars (eggs, cheese, dates), Light Red [redacted] kidney beans, French style sliced green beans, extra [redacted] large butter beans salt added, bananas (Ecuador SUCRE quality bananas sucre [redacted] banana import corp.), a new bar of [redacted] soap (Kirk's original coco hardwater castile, a soap made from selected coconut oil [redacted] net wt. 4 oz.), flour and sundries.

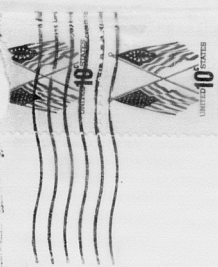
Tomorrow I do for them [redacted] Mondrian, Monet and Leonardo. On Wednesday I played Bolero, the Boston recording I had when you were here. My assumption for the 20th century class was that the study-ing of a theme in 18 different units [redacted] was like study-ing an object "cubistically" from more than one direction. I showed them [redacted] Braque pictures [redacted] 1909-1910. For the Manet class I justified it on the basis of Manet's "Spanish" [redacted] craze (Dead Toreador, etc.). For the Renaissance class I [redacted] showed six Raphael Madonna [redacted] and Child pictures and said nothing.

I left them beg-ing for more.

Donald W. Powell

51 Bateman Avenue

Cranesville, Pa. 16410



S. Robert Powell

249 West 76th St., # 4A

New York, N. Y. 10023

4007

December 18, 1974

Dear Robert,

First of all, hope your holidays are merry and the new year bright. Seventy-five seems like a very fast number, like it should pass quickly. Don't blink! This year certainly has had its ups and downs for me. Right now, I'm up, but not sure whether to spread it on too thick, since others might just get pissed off at me bubbling over with happiness and self-satisfaction.

Anyway, I have a new job (!) and things do look bright. I am directing the financial aid program at a two-year career college here, and, after three days, it looks like it will be a lot of work & responsibility, and is doing wonders for my self-esteem. Have a nice office and all, and do like the people with whom I'm working - a congenial crowd who are really doing a good job of making me feel at home. I will get to do some traveling around, to workshops and to the regional HEW - office of Education in Atlanta. Already plan to go there to see the conference on student loans. This may all sound pretty dull, but I do get a big bang (?) out of federal program guidelines and such. Actually, I got the job partially on the basis of my two years experience in a federal program. The campus where we are located is lovely!

Am also still writing abstracts for the data retrieval system and will be taking graduate courses in business at U. of C. in January. I have pretty much given up French, although I do want to get back to France for a vacation. Besides all this, my friend Brad never made it to California and came back, to stay, or so it seems. He has just finished his first semester of college, is doing magnificently, and I am really excited about all the ways in which I see him growing. I took him home to meet

Greetings of the Season

My parents for Thanksgiving, and they got along famously, even though my parents can be terrible snobs sometimes. I had feared the worst, but everyone was fine.

I hear you're having no troubles, and say, you are not alone, for whatever that's worth. What a big fucking letdown after getting the big degree. About a year ago Donna Houston told me that you can't want the degree just for the job it will get you, but that doesn't help much when you really want to study French, I guess.

I received SPH's book back - thanks a lot. Isn't really



Sure how you can get a copy, if you want one.

So, my yearly trip to New York for Christmas is off, what with the new zoo and all. I will be in Pittsburgh for a day and a half for a big family thing before they move to Florida in the Spring. It's really going to be a zoo - Father Bob now has a six month old daughter in addition to the four-year-old boy. So - I will try to get to N.Y.C. in the Spring if possible, and hope we can get together and eat a lot and pull around and talk and be friends.

Take care, and much love,

Ellen.

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No trees were destroyed to make this card.

20XK-706-T

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[Ellen Blackman]

4009



S. Robert Powell
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New York, New York
10023

4010

1975

1/1975 - 8/31/1975 -

[249 West 76th St, #4A
NYC, NY 10023

8/1/1975 - 7/1/1977 -

[168 West 86th St, #14D
NYC, NY 10024

212-724-7090

shared apt. with T. Kertec

- for a time in 1975, SRP served
as an amanuensis to the
concert pianist Rosina
Lehmann.

11 January 1975
Geneva

Earl & Monique NOELTE

Dear Bob,

Either on the evening of January 4th or 5th, when we had finished dinner, Monique remarked: "I want to call Dina in Rome." Though the idea to telephone her slowly approached Dolly - a question of connections! - I replied: "Go ahead!" Then, when no progress was made, I began to think of New York and you. Finally, I suggested to my "girlfriend" that if she wanted to make a long distance telephone call, why not try to wish you a Happy New Year.

As the audacious thought settled with Monique, she had AMA's number; shortly thereafter, the young lady wanted to know if you were attending a meeting!! After which, she searched for lists, which you seem to have escaped? Therefore, we called your apartment, while the phone rang three times, six...; Monique conjectured that you were in the shower, that you were at the door with your key in the lock, that you were - most unfortunately and most obviously - not at home, and that you were... where?

Then, the other morning, I simply can not recall which, one of Monique's November letters to you, returned to us with the

2

postal indication, addressee unknown!
My first thought was that you were encaptured
within the 'Ring'. But no, I had to con-
clude that at the height of November's
storm, the 'Giraffe' missed your actual
address by three streets. Therefore, I as-
sume that you still be a resident of
the Island. And, now, at least for the
moment, your employment no longer be A.M.A.

Happy New Year!!

Here, the January fog be thick, the day
quite damp, the evening cool - winter.
But my doctor desires that I be elsewhere.
Therefore, I leave on the 15th of January
for a month's cure at St. Raphael on the
French Mediterranean. Showers, baths, swimming
and massages will be my major treatment
in order to restore some strength to my
body. This past week I have begun an
in-situ treatment of physiotherapy for an
hour each day in the afternoon. Before in
the morning I walk for an hour to exercise
my legs and to re-enter into Gerson's at-
mosphere. The remainder of my time I relax
in bed.

Most likely, I shall be able to return to my
teaching at the Institute in early March or
at the latest, in April, when the Summer Se-
mester commences. Unfortunately, I shall be
unable to attend a three weeks' conference in
Sydney, Australia, for which I had received
a full scholarship, a rather rare achievement
yes, I be disappointed. Because the conference
is in March, I had thought just after my op-

erection that I might be able to attend. But since then, I have had to conclude that the necessary effort - both physical and intellectual - be beyond my present capacities. Therefore, my presence in Soloburg must await another moment.

Both Monique and Nicholas be well. With me, they had quite quiet holidays which, in particular, enabled Monique to recuperate not only her strength but also some lost weight. The majority of our friends were beyond Geneva during the Christmas - New Year period. However, Nicholas' Godparents were here from London and we passed Christmas Day with them. To the last day of the year, 1874, friends came early in the evening to have dinner with us. But we were asleep even before 7 1/2's final hour. It seemed - liking - especially after 74's last two months, during which I had a considerable and in some ways, initial depression - both physical and mental - a very gray experience. In fact, I had one weekend in the hospital, my last, which reduced me to nothingness - and curious enough - at that moment - I felt every thing. To continue to write in 74's vein would introduce too many cogitations of thought and feeling, which even now, I am unable to separate. Therefore, and for the moment, only nature's flow holds me. Maybe you understand?!

When you have the occasion, I hope

To hear from you. A glimpse into your
present would certainly help me. And
maybe you have a firmer grasp upon the
future than I.

Now, I must return to bed. Therefore
I close. When I am at the sea's side, I
shall most definitely have you in mind
which will evoke at least one letter to you.
Must remember to take your address with
me. When the rest will come from the
waves. Right?

Take care and my every best wish
for the new year - always,

ES-1

P.S. Please convey my New Year's
wishes to your family, Kate and Rusty.
Has the letter returned to the 'stage'?

PAR AVION LUFTPOST
VIA AEREA

L'hôpital
ses professions
ses horizons



Mr. S. Robert Powell
249 W. 46th Street, # 4A
New York City,
New York 10023
U.S.A.

E. Noelle
16, rue François Esmé
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Switzerland

4016

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The 'Unnatural' versus the 'natural' in
La Religieuse and Le Supplément au
Voyage de Bougainville

by C. Joel Block

4017

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To Robert,
Avery dear friend,
with much affection,

Joe
11/12/75

*The 'Unnatural' versus the 'natural' in
La Religieuse and Le Supplément au
Voyage de Bougainville*

by C. Joel Block

To begin with, *La Religieuse* and *Le Supplément au Voyage de Bougainville* show a noticeable polarity in their formal literary construction. *La Religieuse*, a mystification written in the form of an epistolary novel, surreptitiously allows its philosophical message to seep out of its meticulously and subtly orchestrated tri-partite construction. *Le Supplément*, on the other hand, is presented in the form of a straightforward philosophical commentary on the exploratory journey of Bougainville to Tahiti. There is, to be sure, a tri-partite construction (a favourite division of Diderot's that can be seen in his other works) in the *Supplément*, however, it is more clearly delineated. This opposition in literary forms seems to point out a more profound opposition between the two works. That is to say, the 'unnatural' versus the 'natural'.

La Religieuse takes place in a convent, that is, an 'unnatural' institution hatched by man, but also one within a much larger artificial institution, which is society. We are plunged into a universe of confinement, restriction and control. From a literal level (the four walls, numerous locked doors, gates, endless dark and sombre corridors) to a more abstract level (a 1984-like attempt to control the mind) the only plausible *modus vivendi* that is possible for the tortured Suzanne Simonin is one of deceit and artificiality. Any attempt to put forth the truth is met with physical and mental punishment meted out in a shockingly brutal and sadistic manner. Any kindness that Suzanne receives is either

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excessive as in the case of mme de Moni, or perverted, as in the case of mme d'Arpajon.

With the *Supplément* we move to the opposite end of the spectrum, the world of the 'natural'. The only rule to be followed in this quasi-utopian Tahitian society is that of natural law. 'Rien n'y était mal par l'opinion ou par la loi que ce qui était mal de sa nature' (p.503). Nothing is considered bad unless it is against nature. It is man, not nature, who has created such terms as *fornication*, *incest* and *adultery*. It is man, not nature, who has created civil and religious institutions that are in constant conflict with man's natural inclinations. Thus, we do not find it surprising to see Orou-Diderot speaking of incest openly without the pejorative connotations normally attached to that word. This is not a case of Diderot advocating incest, but rather, it seems, an attempt to illustrate that the realm of the natural might include inter-familial sexual relations in certain cases. Unlike the constricted atmosphere of the *Religieuse*, the way of life in the *Supplément* is very open, with boundaries being vaguely defined. Honesty is practiced in all relationships. The passions rather than being looked upon in a bad light, are celebrated with a boundless enthusiasm.

In fact, it is the treatment of the passions that demonstrates another striking polarity between the two texts. A polarity that would, I believe, be a sub-heading of the 'unnatural' and the 'natural'. Sexual activity in the *Religieuse* is portrayed in the most licentious, sensuous, and deceitful manner imaginable. First, the only sexual contact in the book is of a homosexual nature, that is to say, the several encounters depicted in incredibly erotic detail, between Suzanne and the lesbian mother superior. Moreover, the only part of the sexual act described at great length by Suzanne, in the ambiguous guise of an *ingénue*, is the orgasm. An orgasm that not only cannot lead to the proliferation of the species, but is also a demonstration of extreme cupidity, man turning away from nature while demonstrating a lack of *mesure* in enjoying something in and for itself. The *Supplément*, on the contrary, has as one of its

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several recurrent themes the proliferation of the species. It is a joy to have children in any circumstances, children being a highly valued asset to society. The concept of bastardy and the opprobrium carried with it is one of the many false ideas created by sophisticated or civilised European man, a concept that may be seen so well in the *Religieuse* whose central figure is a bastard and an outcast in society. Sexual activity in the *Supplément* is described with an almost clinical neutrality, treating sexual intercourse as one of man's biological functions, a great pleasure in life to be enjoyed in complete freedom. We receive no erotic descriptions of the sexual act. Rather, it is pointed out by Orou that *libertinage* is one of the most serious crimes on the island, and is punishable by slavery or exile.

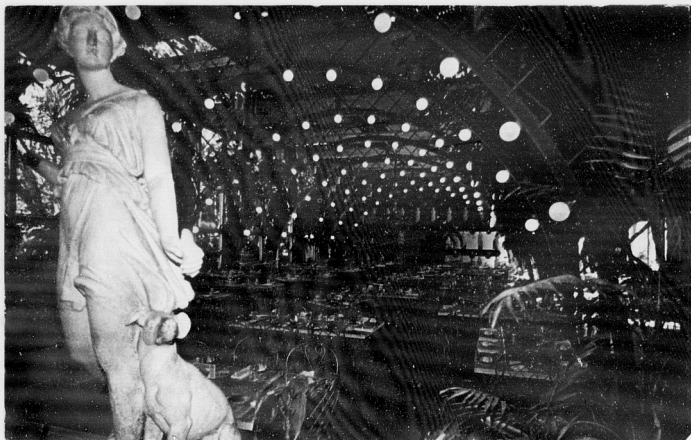
Toward the end of the section of the *Supplément* that propounds a more open and less squeamish attitude concerning the sexual act, the ultimate quandary of man in relation to this act is posed in the form of a question: 'Mais comment est-il arrivé qu'un acte dont le but est si solennel, et auquel la nature nous invite par l'attrait le plus puissant; que le plus grand, le plus doux, le plus innocent des plaisirs soit devenu la source la plus féconde de notre dépravation et de nos maux?' Answer: 'C'est par la tyrannie de l'homme, qui a converti la possession de la femme en une propriété. Par les mœurs et les usages, qui ont surchargé de conditions l'union conjugale. Par les lois civiles, qui ont assujéti le mariage à une infinité de formalités.'

This quotation, it would seem, brings us back to the larger conflict between the two works, the 'unnatural' versus the 'natural'. In the *Supplément*, Diderot points out that there are basically three codes of laws: civil, religious, and natural. The history of all man's miseries lies in the constant conflict of the civil and religious (the artificial side of man) with the natural. And, of course, on an abstract plane, I think the largest polarity of the *Religieuse* and the *Supplément* is the opposition of codes.

The supreme ambiguity (an ambiguity that flows throughout the work of Diderot) that arises from a study of the *Religieuse* and

the *Supplément* is: What is the solution to this omnipresent conflict between the artificial and the natural? Diderot insists that laws must be created that will eradicate the perversion of the natural by the artificial. Yet, we must work within the present system and obey the current law while awaiting the passing of new ones. This, however, seems not to be the final answer to a dilemma of far greater ramifications. That is to say, man's profound and still insoluble psychological struggle of the passions and reason. As James C. McLaren¹ so aptly puts it: 'There is a conflict between the natural philosopher and the play-wright-critic who admires and prescribes *a priori* standards of social behaviour. Diderot criticises the systematists who model existing things according to conceptions (*Pensées sur l'interprétation de la nature*). Yet he has virtuous models he opposes to vice in his didactic and critical writings—characters and criteria, molded to traditional social norms of right and wrong.'

¹ Diderot and the paradox of versatility, *L'Esprit créateur* (spring 1968), vii.26-33.



The Florida Room is a giant arbor supporting tropical foliage, terminating in a wall of cascading fountains.

N. Haines Rd., Clearwater, Fla.

ST. MYERS
JAN 22
1975
Lantern Color Prod., Box 14708, Orlando

NATIONAL
CHILDREN'S DENT
HEALTH WEEK



POST CARD

Here we are in Florida,
arrived Monday afternoon
Our address is 40 Marlin
K. Stuckey, 4771 Vincennes
St. Cape Coral, Fla. 33904.
We ate in this dining room
Sunday night. They served
7200. We went fishing on
the men bar and got
sunburned today. Love Dad. Mom

481073

Mr. S. Robert Powell
249 W. 76th St. Apt 4A
New York, N.Y.

10023

4022

S. ROBERT POWELL
249 West 76th Street
New York City, New York State 10023

TREBBE
414 East 78th Street
NYC 10021

January 22, 1975

SI....

Pages of Eve I slip into the xerox machine at Spotlight, Inc., between pictures of the first cotton gin and Patrick Henry, an engraving, proclaiming his mandate in the Virginia Assembly. Pages of Eve I slip in. I slip in to ~~the~~ the office with my pictures and notes and talk about them and slip out. The xerox machine, the coffee, the paychecks, but not company involvement.

I have washed my hands with soap, Camay, I believe, but it smells strange, hard, like the paper towels in grammar school restrooms. Toilet, lavatory, loo, powder room, men's and women's rooms, bathroom, privy.

Is there such a word as audial? The audial memory of songs, for example. Where does the word cockpit come from? How many people who live in Miami Beach were actually born there? That soap is peculiar. What does my latest rejection slip, which I have not read, whose envelope I have not opened -- what does it say? Why did I forget to buy milk?

The emergence of innocence into knowledge. It is always painful because it introduces a gap never before recognized in the world.

Rimbaud could not write any more after UNE SAISON EN ENFER. The madness, the pain, the fierceness of life. He renounced it, deliberately and carefully. Like Garbo, committing suicide of ~~the~~ her art. Partial suicide. Did Rimbaud stop writing because he had written the base of the pit? Or was it because the pit was so painful that he could no longer stay to explore it further?

What is absinthe? "It's unavailable anywhere in the States." Why? "It just is; it's got something in it." What? "I don't know. It's just too strong." And he turned away. What is absinthe besides green and dreamy and Rimbaud's and Verlaine's?

I have had to retype this letter because I find from you that it was not Valéry, but Verlaine. I can say I feel relief, having always had a special fondness for Valéry and none in particular for Verlaine. The Verlaine figure in the book I read is a sniveling, weeping, weak creature, repulsive and pathetic.

And Rilke said, when people tried to persuade him to see a psychologist: "If they take away my devils, they will also take away my angels." The angels of the mind, the devils of the body. The reverse, perhaps. Can they be united? Bite the apple, bite the forbidden fruit, and see.

Five people at Genie's apartment, feeling somewhat uncomfortable. Five people who shifted and melded between and among into lines, triangles, squares, and an occasional pentagram. Brezhnev's position in the Party. What was party leader? Answer must be in the form of a question.

Eve.

TREBBE

4023



The Clewiston Inn Motor Hotel, Clewiston, Florida. Sectional view of the Inn's Colonial dining room. The Inn is nationally famous for delicious food, tantalizingly prepared by expert chefs. It is owned and operated by United States Sugar Corporation and located on the southern shore of Lake Okechobee on United States Highway 27.

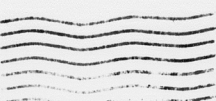
"America's Sweetest Town" 1975

He went for a ride
over to Lake Okechobee
and to Pehowka and
ate at the Clewiston
Inn. Saw a bald eagle
in a tree and nearby
a nest with another
one in. Rec'd your nice
letter, glad to know
you are standing in line
to receive.

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59472-B

In the high
mom
so's line many

From an Ekachrome Transparency, The L. L. Cook Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



Post Card

Mr. L. Robert Powell
249 W. 76th St.
apt. 44
New York, N.Y.
10023

4024

February 8, 1975

Donald:

To the best of my knowledge, I have never used an exclamation point after the salutation in any letter, personal or business. Perhaps it's an exclamatory time of day, or season. It is, after all, four fifteen A.M. (which sounds like the kind of information one might include in a letter from summer camp). Of late I have engaged upon a most benign work schedule. I rest from dawn until mid-day, when I take my breakfast and survey the morning's letters. I have arranged, you should know, a kind of tray for my bath--it is quite large enough for my letters, pot of coffee, writing tablet, and, on special occasions, appropriate flowers. I have been working 12-14 hours per day for about ten days now and am accomplishing much.

My primary reason for writing is that I have suddenly been overcome with a desire to take a cure in the country. When may I come and visit? What are your Spring travel plans? I notice that Easter is the 30th of March this year. Assuming that you will have a week off sometime around Easter, I could arrive in Cranesville around a week before your vacation begins and then at the beginning of your vacation, should you be so inclined, we could motor East. Or perhaps, if you were to come East for your vacation I could motor West with you when you return. My only concern is that I do not be out of New York on Monday. My reasons for this are, of course, clear.

To be quite vulgar, I am collecting unemployment compensation and I have to sign-in every Monday morning at 10:15 A.M. at 90th and Broadway. My getting unemployment is surely one of the little victories of the decade. The irony of the entire matter is that it is all perfectly legal. I am, it goes without saying, revelling in my new found financial security and free time. Having saved certain sums of money from my AMA travails at the end of the year, and getting these moneys from the city of New York (bless them) I shall be the master of my time until at least June. That, of course, makes the arranging of travel plans quite easy for me, provided, necessarily, that I be in New York on Monday. Certain operative commitments make travel in the next few weeks difficult although I expect my concert commitments will be less by mid-March (they usually are). February, like November, is practically non-stop splendid concerts. If all goes as planned, I will have tickets for five performances at the Metropolitan this week: Das Rhingold twice, Boris Godunov once, and Manon Lescaut twice. The casts for each are quite spectacular. The box office opens at 10 A.M. today--I plan to be at the box office around 6:30 A.M. (I had such difficulty deciding whether I would use the Raphael stamp or the Terborch one. I'm glad I chose the latter.)

I lustily devoured the loaf of bread that arrived to my address last week. Was it you, perchance, who sent it? I was quite sure that I recognized your manner of writing an "x". As I recall, that morning several letters (two of which were quite witty) also arrived, which made for a somewhat cluttered, although sublime tray--what with your loaf of bread, the flowers, the letters, and all. It was mid-afternoon before I emerged from my bath.

SI

4025

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New York 10024

168 West 86th St #14D
New York NY 10024 (F)

4026

Feb. 11

Dear —

First: Thank you for your wonderful gift and letter to David. Having you remember him in such a thoughtful way is just beautiful. Your letters are treasures — and have a special place in his Baby Book.

(Yes — yes. I know he's not a baby any more. What can an ageing mother say?)

Not anything thrilling is happening here. David is upstairs "napping" (which means racing trucks under the bed) and Chris and I have just made a "Magic Garden" out of Sherry and Annonia. It's only a matter

of time before I'm overcome
by the fumes.

The dove-garpeaus snow.
It been falling all day -
but gently - so that there's
not a crust or anything.
It's great... you probably
read about the latest
storm in Acapulco.

It really has been
too bad a winter... cold
but very little snow. We've
done quite a bit of skating
this winter - and haven't
even had to shovel the
ice clean. As you come
into our street, there are
two good sized ponds (which
are really an overflow from
storm sewers) which freeze
and are really handy
for us and the boys.
The big neighborhood
boys play hockey on one
pond - leave the goal in

the ice till they freeze —
and the little kids and
spastic adults use the
other.

We're still enjoying our
new house. We're far from
finished doing the things
we want to do with it,
but at least we have
most of the bones unpacked.
Come spring we'll have
to start with the shrubs
— you can only guess how
thrilled Sam is with that
idea. We're surrounded by
stone quarries — yet are
still not smart enough to
expect them in the same
spot where we'd like a bush.

So great to know that
you have your well-earned
Ph.D. I'm really impressed
and am trying very hard
to match my spelling as
I write.

Wouldn't it be great
to have you visit here?

I'd be in heaven - and
the kids, who have heard
enough about you - to
race to N.Y.C. and carry
you back, would be
delighted. When I think
how awfully long it's been
~~your~~ ~~the~~
Sally R.D.

Your David is great. It's
really fun ... if odd. It
already clear that he's
going to be one of those
people who always has
a good time. He's now
thinking about being a
fire dog when he grows
up, so he spends 90% of his
time talking with Sascha.
Tried to control myself
when I saw him trying
to teach her to spell DOG
the other day.

- Sascha, bless her heart,
sits right in with our odd
group. She's half dachshund
and - (ready?) - half collie.

She wet has cardiac arrest
each time he sees her.

Chris is in Honduras
and loves it. He's doing
pretty well (I think - we
have a conference next
week). He's really at a
great all-boy age. He's
always dirty - doesn't own
a pair of pants sans holes
in the knees - and has
a passion for nails, wood
and his bike. I love it.
If you remember correctly,
I was quite a bit like
that myself.

He and Sam are in
Indian Scouts - which is like
Cub Scouts, only for very
young boys and their dads.
They each have their own
Indian name and official
T-shirts and headbands. I think
it's terrific, but do have
trouble controlling myself
when I see Sam all

suit up and ready to
go to a meeting Big Brains
and Big Tree.

Incredible.

Sam's doing fine - had
an appointment with the
Dr. this A.M. about a thumb
which kept cracking open
and was quite painful.
Could you believe ~~paralysis~~
of the Thumb? That's really
funny.

He's very busy with
school. The district is re-
organizing again and he's
getting ready for a whole
new bunch of kids to
^{come} go to his school.

Can you believe we've
been married for 8 years?
Impossible.

I've not been doing
anything too exciting. I've
just finished caning a
Chair and have started
to refinish another. I'm
trying so hard to get our

living room so that we
can use it - wallpapered
that, the dining room and
the stairs. Now I can't
wait to start the kitchen.

I'm still teaching on
Sundays - and still enjoying
it too. No substituting this
year, though because Chris
gets home from school at
noon, and I really want
to be here when he gets
home. Typical mother...
what happened to the
girl I used to be?

Peg told me that your
Mom and Dad are in Florida.
- Kruger. They're so smart
to go when they can -
certainly don't get much
other chance to relax.

I talk to Peg almost
every week. She's doing
really well. - she had
her baby tooth pulled
yesterday; I've been trying

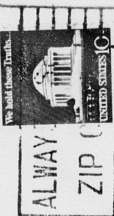
all day to get her ---
but I think maybe she
used her 'sick' day to
ski.

And Joey --- won't she
too much? Write her a
note the other day to
tell her we're finally
beginning to get birds
again (they just taken
they began building behind
us this summer.) She
had been very concerned
and I'm sure she'll be
happy.

Obviously don't have
much news - besides the
amnesia is getting to me.

Please try to arrange
a trip up to see us ---
anytime you can; we'd love
it.

Love,
Sam &
Chris & David



Mr. J. Robert Lowell
249 West 76th Street
New York, New York
10023

4035

Sunday March 9, '95

Dear Bob,

Here we are, back in the balmy northeast with a pen that wouldn't write. It was around 5° this morning here after having 80-85-87-90-91° for about five weeks.

We had beautiful weather most of the time, there was a week of cool weather. We couldn't go to "our private Bonita Beach" this year, it had been sold and closed, with the possibility of condominiums being built on it. For a couple of times we went to the public Bonita Beach and then we met our gentleman friend from Canada that used to be at the other beach and he said that he went to Vanderbilt Beach just as you go into Naples - so we went and loved it - the water was so much cleaner, not so many people around and really not so much farther. The only thing about it was that there were very few shells there.

We couldn't stay with Bergerts in their Efficiency because they had rented it by the year to the people that rented the apartment. We couldn't get an efficiency anywhere else so we found this sleeping room just like the one you had at Mabel Smythe's. We had breakfast in our room,

menus Caffer. We hadn't been having eggs & bacon
etc. ^{at home} so we had a Cooler in our room with grapefruit
oranges, apples, Cranberry juice - and we ate Cereal.
then we went out for supper. The Stuckeys ^{are} ~~were~~
about 69 and very pleasant, they own what they
Call a 4-plex, it is really two duplexes and
the home where we stayed - and another
Couple, ^{the Conpliances} he is 78, from New Jersey stayed in
the apartment. A Couple next door are from
Unadilla, ^{the Connors} N.Y. and another Couple that lived
in an apartment on the other side of the Puzys
were from Illinois - we all became very
friendly - everyone was so pleasant.
Vincennes It was ~~across~~ ^{across} the Main street, (Cape
Coral Parkway) from Dutch's side - it was sort
of on the way to the Yacht Club.

We took Stuckey to the beach with us one
day and they enjoyed it so they went with
us nearly every time we went. We enjoyed
having them. They have a home in Ohio and
property in two areas of Maine. They went with
us to dinner nearly every night. Their
home has a Carport instead of a screened-in
porch and it was a wonderful place to sit
no matter ~~hot~~ ^{how} hot the weather, there was
always a breeze. We sat out nearly every
evening. When the neighbors went by 4031

and saw us there they would come and join us. It was lots of fun. The night before we left for home, Fri. the 28th, Stuckeys and 5 other couples had a surprise party for us - there were 14 of us. Coffee & do-nuts - lots of fun.

When we got home, the white amaryllis we had last year has three beautiful white blossoms on it, so they can be kept safe. Just keep following the instructions on the box. The one we took to Florida last year we gave to Dutch to plant outside - it had buds on - ready to come out just before we left.

Yes you can grow various begonias inside. I remember the first one I had was one that Eleanor (Jones) had in her yard and when she took it in she gave it to me and I kept it inside, down at the other house, in the dining room window, next to the radiator and it bloomed continually for a couple of years. Tulips, hyacinths, Crocus will also grow inside - any bulbs will.

We started for home Mar. 1st at 5:45 and stayed in Greenville, S.C. that night. Started out at 6:45 Sunday and intended to be home Sunday night but - we started having snow flurries near Roanoke, Va. so I figured we'd have snow on 81 around Hazleton, sure

enough, when we got above Harrisburg it
all started - as soon as the snow landed
it turned to a sheet of ice. I'm sure
there were 500 cars on both sides of R 81
all over the road - red ^{tail} lights everywhere
crosswise - up - down - a large tractor
trailer overturned and I politely announced
that I just wouldn't ride over that mountain
I offered to get out and walk - we turned
off on an exit toward Pottsville - still a
glaze of ice - we went down a 2 mile hill
with 2 wheels in the ditch ^{Cars every where again} - well we made
it and many more like it, we went thru
Pottsville (just a small mining town, and
Schuylkill Haven heading for R. 22 to come
up the turnpike - we ran into another icy
hill with cars all over so we turned around
and went back to Deer Lake and stayed at
a motel - next morning on to 22 and turnpike
and home thank God. we had many things
to be thankful for.

well, how about this for an 'edition'. We couldn't
find and have never seen a Coconut sprouting.
There is something else here for you too -
surprise - surprise - surprise.

shall we soon see our son that is being "compensated"
by the City of New York? The Stuckays are no relation ^{to the "peach" Stuckays. It is pronounced ^{Stew-Kay} family.} 4039
Love Mom

after New years, Walter
had another slight
pain in his chest.
He went to Dr. Keyes
and he sent him to
Dr. Galdstein, a heart
specialist, in Scranton.

It still is an irregular
heart beat like he has
had for 2 years at least
but he is to let down
on work and is on a
low cholesterol diet.
He was fine in Florida
and still is. He takes

2 pills every morning
for the heart. ✓

Nothing alarming so
far - just that I'd
mention it.

PAID
11 MAR 1975
10c

Honestead Golf Course
Route 106
R. R. I Box 20
Guthrie, PA 17043

PAID
11 MAR 1975
10c



Mr. S. Robert Powell
249 West 76th St.
New York City, N.Y. 10023

4042

March 9, 1975

Dear Earl and Monique,

Enclosures: a) a copy of the abstract of my dissertation as it appears in Dissertation Abstracts International; b) a copy of some "spiritual" literature which was handed to me "across from Macy's" not too long ago. I shall be more than delighted to serve as an intermediary between any Swiss questions/dilemmae and Mrs. Hilton if you like. Recently, she was most helpful for me in casting an evil spell. She and Madame Rosalie are, so I understand, the best of friends.

To say that I am pleased with what Xerox University Microfilms has done is litotes. Not surprisingly, I ordered a xerographic copy of my dissertation from them. It's beautiful; it's six by nine and bound in cobalt blue. What a delightful way to begin the month of March.

New York has thrown itself at the feet of Richard Wagner. The complete Ring has not been done at the Met for 13 years. Thus far I have seen Das Rheingold and Die Walküre each three times. Nilsson appeared in two of the Walküre's--once as Sieglinde, once as Brunnhilde. In a few hours I will leave here and go to the Met to get in line for the standing room tickets for Siegfried, in which La Nilsson will sing; it will be her only appearance (the broadcast performance) in Siegfried this year. I plan to arrive at the box office at 3 A.M.--the box office opens at 10 A.M. There are only 175 standing room tickets for each performance--they go on sale on Saturday for the week following--and I want to be sure that I see and hear the Siegfried on the 15th. Two weeks ago I arrived around 4 A.M. to get a ticket for the Nilsson-Sieglinde in Walküre and I was 94th in line. It's all quite mad. Then again, seeing the complete Ring with Nilsson is like seeing Haley's Comet--you must see it when it appears, otherwise you may never have another chance. As you know, I usually attend a goodly number of concerts in the course of any season. This year I have done so much more often than usual: the 3 Rheingolds; the 3 Walküre's; Aldo Ciccolini playing Ravel, Satie, and Mussorgsky; Boris Godunov at the Met; Tosca three times; Divertissements from Napoli, Dark Elegies, Grand Pas Classique, and Les Patineurs, all by the American Ballet Theater; Coppélia at the NYC Ballet; Mahler #9--NY Philharmonic/Boulez; Jenufa by Janacek at the Met; Death in Venice by Britten at the Met; I Puritani at the City Opera; the Mozart Requiem at Philharmonic Hall/National Chorale; Manon Lescaut with Price at the Met; Mahler #5 by the Baltimore Symphony; Summerfolk by Gorky performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company; the Berlioz Requiem by Maazel and the Cleveland Orchestra; American Symphony Orchestra--Strauss, Gould, Ives, and Mussorgsky/Ravel "Pictures at an Exhibition"; Bruckner Symphony No. 4 and Beethoven Symphony No. 4 by Akiyama and the American Symphony Orchestra; the Fauré Requiem in the Cathedral of St. John; plus two symphonies of Brahms with van Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic--I wrote of these to you; Ein Heldenleben and the Ruckert Songs of Mahler sung by Jessye Norman--Los Angeles/Mehta; Bruckner Symphony No. 8 with Mehta and Los Angeles; Bruckner Symphony No. 8 with van Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic. Doubtless I have forgotten some others. It has been quite a year thus far, and promises to be just as good for the remainder of the year.

4043

Sorry to have missed your telephone call on January 7-8. I am quite sure that the operator at AMA is still quite baffled. Nonobstant, you have doubtless returned, Earl, from your month's sojourn at St. Raphael, and hopefully you have again put on your academic robes. (Salzburg, Mrs. Hilton recently informed me, is to be eschewed during this calendar year--something about improper biscuits and bad wine. Next season, on the other hand...) My beloved swans, how are they? Several years worth of Geneva are currently swirling around in my head. I trust all three of you are well. I wish I could enclose myself in this envelope.

A MIRACLE HAS TAKEN PLACE: I am currently listed on the register of the city of New York and am receiving UNEMPLOYMENT. Never, NEVER, has anyone ever been more delighted. That whole distressing thing about not having my contract renewed at Brooklyn College has turned out, if not well, at least for the better. As I believe I once explained, employees of the city of New York were, until a few weeks ago, not entitled to unemployment. Given the state of the economy, our beloved mayor (I think his name is Beame) decided to lay-off thousands of city employees. In order to placate that sizable group of employees, special legislation was passed allowing them to receive unemployment, and, according to OFFICIAL BUREAUCRATIC PRONOUNCEMENTS, I qualify. My widespread efforts to find a teaching job have been to no avail. For every position in a four year college in America there are now, according to a recent article on page 1 of the Wall Street Journal, about 600 applicants. It probably is easier to get into the Academie Francaise at the moment than it is to find a teaching job in an American university. Things being as they are, and that being the case, I am particularly pleased to be receiving this "scholarship" from the city of New York, (My landlord, I should add, is also pleased).

Kate and Kostya send you their warmest greetings--you can well imagine how pleased they are with Natacha's name. Kostya is giving another concert this month in, of all places, New Brunswick, New Jersey. The show, as they say, must go on. Kate is currently making a valiant effort to "straighten up the living room." Kostya, it appears, has issued another of his quite famous ultimata. We are currently working out some picture buying plans. I am commissioning them to do some pictures (four each) which will be used in a volume of some writings I expect to finish this year.

My best to the three of you, to Madame S. as well. When the occasion presents itself, take up your quills.

Peace,

4044



Greetings from
ALBION, PENNA.

Sanctus, Sanctus,
Sanctus Dominus Deus
Sabaoth. Pleni sunt
coeli et terra gloria
tua. Hosana in
excelsis.



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249 West 76th St, 4 A
N. Y., N. Y. 10023

"MICROCHROME" by Hyper Development Co. New York, N.Y.

[From DWP]

4045



dear robert,
 couldn't find a picture
 of a bird.. have been
 here two days and am
 am going to stay inside
 all day and relax. it is
 perfect weather here, and
 i am being catered to and
 waited on to my heart's
 content. even had a letter
 from tim. i feel very healthy
 and am enjoying myself.

before i left boston on friday,
 i was informed that i would

be a part time reader next year/

Top view, Miami Skyline
 Bottom. One of the many beaches in the
 Miami area.

70035

that's what i want.



Post CARD

TO Robert Powell;
 249 West 76th Street

New York
 New York

4046

March 20, 1975

SI...

Today's topic of thought is as follows:

INFLUENCE: THE BORROWING, STEALING AND REARRANGEMENT OF

Thoughts and events, like planets, have a tendency to glide and spin in the same orbit on the same day. It is like looking up a new word in the dictionary and then reading that same word in other sources on the same day.

Yesterday I received "Each of the following has, at one time or another, saved my life:"

As I walked to the subway, I compiled a mental list of my own.

~~As I rode the subway, I decided I was plagiarizing your idea and that I should forget the project immediately.~~

Today, I went to the Met to see the Momoyama and "Great Wave" exhibitions. The "Great Wave" exhibition contained prints and lithographs of nineteenth century artists, prints which showed a direct and potent influence by (from?) Japanese woodblock prints.

One man at the exhibition said to his wife, "I think they're using a lot of stretching of the imagination in some of these." By saying that, the man was exhibiting his ignorance, his total lack of SEEING. It was so OBVIOUS.

The faces of Katsushika Hokusai are the ancestres of those of Gauguin! Bonnard's compositions copied those of Hiroshige! The same horse is trotting in the same background. The same man (19th century French) carries the same umbrella as the man from 18th century Japan.

Is it plagiarizing? Did Bonnard think no one would discover his inspiration? He reworked it so that it was his own, and seeing the Japanese influence makes it more human (Bonnard's). It shortens the artistic distance, softens the divinity. But Bonnard's print is as much its own self as Hiroshige's is. When does influence lose its contours and become stealing? When it remains more the original than the new. When it prickles of Hiroshige and Bonnard seems but a clownish amateur.

I have decided to give you my list of life-savers. I have, however, made it less urgent than the items on your list. I have decided to give my list over to those things that are so familiar that they are almost human in my life. Therefore, I do not believe I am stealing your idea. I use your influence and attribute my composition of this list to your idea and the product of your idea.

4047

HENCE.....

Each of the following has, on more than one occasion, changed the direction of my life. Each will do so again state that with certainty.

Pear Tree Cottage
the coming of dawn
Poet

the Steel Bird
the moon
nightwalks

a quotation from A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN: "To live,
to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life."

the Beatles
the poetry of Yeats, Ted Hughes, WS Merwin and James Tate
the poetry of Bashō

The Diary of Virginia Woolf

James Joyce

the sea

coffee

Lark cigarettes

my typewriter

Camus

LE PETIT PRINCE

wine

Donald

Japanese landscape prints

Edvard Much

Michelangelo's David

Trebbe
414 e 78
NYC 10021



S. ROBERT POWELL
249 w 76
NYC 10023

Trebbe

4048



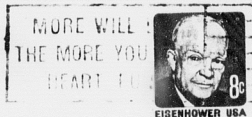
Miami's Parrot Jungle

CD181

GREETINGS
from
Black
Venues!

MIAMI'S PARROT JUNGLE

Miami's world renowned Parrot Jungle is built in a genuine sub-tropical setting of a tropical hammock, and the rich soil found here gives unusual and exciting color to the flowers and trees that flourish in this area. The colorful Macaws and parrots add color to this natural setting.



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Robert Powell
249 W. 96th St
New York
New York

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4049



Lab. Note

Dear Bob -

Here I am, safe and sound
at home. I arrived home at
8 pm. ^{last night} I made one wrong turn
but corrected it very easily and
I couldn't get off 495 to 95 - wrong line
of traffic but I got back ok. I
don't know how 95 got into 80 - just
as smoothly as could be. It was
beautiful driving, more traffic on 80
than when we went down.

the next time you are home ask about
the old books I put down from the
attic - 'History & Atlas'; I forgot them
when you were here.

It has been raining all day,
lightly.



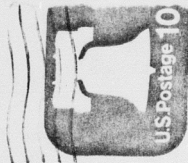
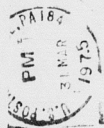
I put Doris "tree" in the front hall,
the Kitchen now looks empty.

Joy fell about a week ago and
got badly bruised, nothing broken.
She fell as she was getting out
of her chair.

Nothing else to write about so—

So long, Love
Mom

Homestead Golf Course
Route 106
R. R. 1, Box 29
Carbondale, PA 18407



Mr. L Robert Powell
249 W. 76th St. Apt 4 A.
New York, N.Y.
10023

4052

Hi -

Sat. am. 7:40

This card came yesterday so I'll
just say hello because I'm trying
to beat the "onrush" of golfers - soon
I hope. - We spend Apr 17 & 18 with
the lower 9 holes and on Apr. 19 with
18 holes - many nice remarks
about the layout - they like it very
much - Cold last weekend & rain
we have had a few good days tho.
Walter said Lakeland - guess you
know that - I forgot for a moment
that you called one night since then.
Ann is my helper this year. He'll
be here at 8
well - so long for now
Love,
mom

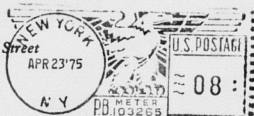
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ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Dear Friend:

This is to let you know we have received your subscription order for the coming season.

Since we have had a tremendous response it will take a little time for us to make your seat assignment. You should hear from us by
mid June

Order No. 2006

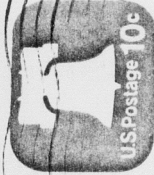
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Form 5

4½M 1975

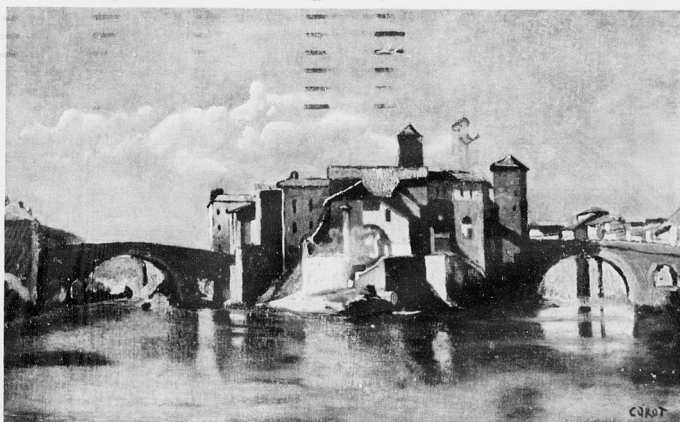
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astead Golf Course
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Scribnerdale, PA 18407



Mr. J. Robert Powell
249 W 76th St Apt 4A.
New York, N.Y. 10023

4055



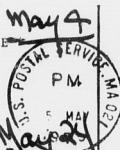
ISLAND OF SAN BARTOLOMMEO, ROME
Jean Baptiste Camille Corot. French, 1796-1875
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

Robert -

how does sat. May 4
sound for a visit?
Snow me? am driving
to Westchester county
w/ a friend on Fri. -
would spend sat. &
sunday in city with
you???

See you soon?
once

Printed in Germany by Brüder Hartmann, Berlin



Robert Powell
249 W. 76th
New York
New York

4056

May 26, 1975

Cher Robert,

It suddenly dawned on me the other day that after spending about 3 1/2

months in Switzerland, we had written to just about no one except

Figured, as usual, it was about time to get on the letter writing wagon.

Well, here we are, and need and have work of all kinds.

Switzerland is a rather rainy, expensive country, excuse me, country.

The point about the weather can get you down from time to time, but

the point about the expensive gets you down all the time. We

have sincerely never seen anything like it. There is no middle of the

road here as far as prices are concerned. Now is there anything

of low cost. Everything is high. It is even worse since the dollar

has fallen at least 50 cents since our arrival, and we are paid

in dollars, converted to Swiss francs. We are however, still doing

everything that we want to do. We've spent a considerable amount of

time 'getting out of town for the weekend', or week, as the case

may be. Travelled a lot on weekends before ski season to be something

of a lazy tourist, but once skiing started, (which by the way was

rather late, no snow in the Alps) we spent weekends in snow country.

The first such weekend was fantastic. We went to St. Moritz - close

to the best skiing in all of Switz. Fantastically clear weather

with good snow conditions. Went to Zermatt to see the Matterhorn,

did not ski but went sledding and got a lot of exercise. At Spring

break, five of us went to Mallorca for a five day vacation. We were

really looking forward to getting to sun country, but I think we

went during hurricane season. It was colder than Luzern had been

all winter, and rained just as much. It ended up being a good

Vacances, but not quite what we were hoping for.

For the first time in a long time, we actually have some living

things in our house - plants - green - not even almost killed by

their provider - breathing, and growing bigger day by day. I can't

say that've grown a green thumb, or acquired one, but that they

are doing well so far, and I've even transplanted them. Just

purchased some 'antiquey' brass planters (or are they copper???)

which really looks a whole lot nicer than the tin foil I once

had around every plant pot.

Work is coming along fine, Jay is Acting President for some of this

summer. We are having a summer school for the first time. We only

have about 30 students here now, much calmer than during the year.

French is not one of the most popular courses we offer since it

requires a certain amount of work on the part of the student - but

we do usually have 4 to 5 sections per quarter. Not really that

bad. The students on the whole are a fairly lazy group, but every

once in a while, a student with real ability and interest will

really impress you. Some of the kids are really talented, but more

often than not, in the area of art and or design.

The 'spectacular' Fashion Show, (really not a Fashion Show, but

rather a theatrical production where fashions are worn) and the

graduation banquet was about two weeks ago. These all take place

during parents week. Life was rather hectic in preparing for the

arrival of the parents, then entertaining them once they arrived.

For three straight weeks, we did not have a day to ourselves. Then,

on the 15th of May, 200 students plus most of the faculty took the

charter back to the States. Unfortunately, our closest friends

were among the group, and we hated to see them all go. You do

get slightly attached to certain students. I suppose we should

be glad that we had these 30 remaining. Otherwise, it would really have been difficult.

So, S. Robert, how is New York treating you these days. Once, in a letter (sorry) from my sister, she mentioned something of a job possibility for you at Harvard? First of all, I couldn't imagine how she would know, I somehow doubted your paths would cross, almost never. Would like to know what has been happening in your life and also what ever became of your working with the classical radio station. Did that develop into something interesting for you?

Well, guess it's about lunch planning time. Should be going. Let us know what's up. Address: 6003, Switzerland. Telephone: 041 25 64 15.

My mother and Ray are coming over to visit probably for the month of September. We have plans to take some weeks vacation at that point and show them what we can in France. We will be during the course of that week, be doing one evening, Chez Maxine. Could think of worse places to eat in Paris!!

Take it easy, Bob, and keep in touch. Love, Maxine

3
Doughton
Guthrie & #425
5003
Guthrie
Guthrie

BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION



Mr. S. Robert Powell
249 W. 76th St. #4A
New York, New York 10023
U.S.A.

HOTEL
MONOPOL & METROPOLE
CH-6000 LUCERNE

4059

28 May

Dear Robert -

It was wonderful meeting you,
a person Janice holds dear as a
friend. Thank you for letting
me be your guest Sat. evening,
you're a beautiful host.

If you or Cheryl ever come to
Boston you are welcome in my
humble abode, once I find one,
that is.

I'm anxiously waiting for Janice's
film to be developed--we chose a
supubs setting--

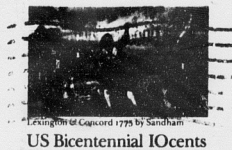
I wish you luck in completing your
project successfully--

Kate



4060

MacGillivray de Brunswick
6 Orkney Rd #33 Brookline MA



Robert Powell
249 W. 76th
4-A
N.Y.C., New York
10023

4061

Dear Robert—

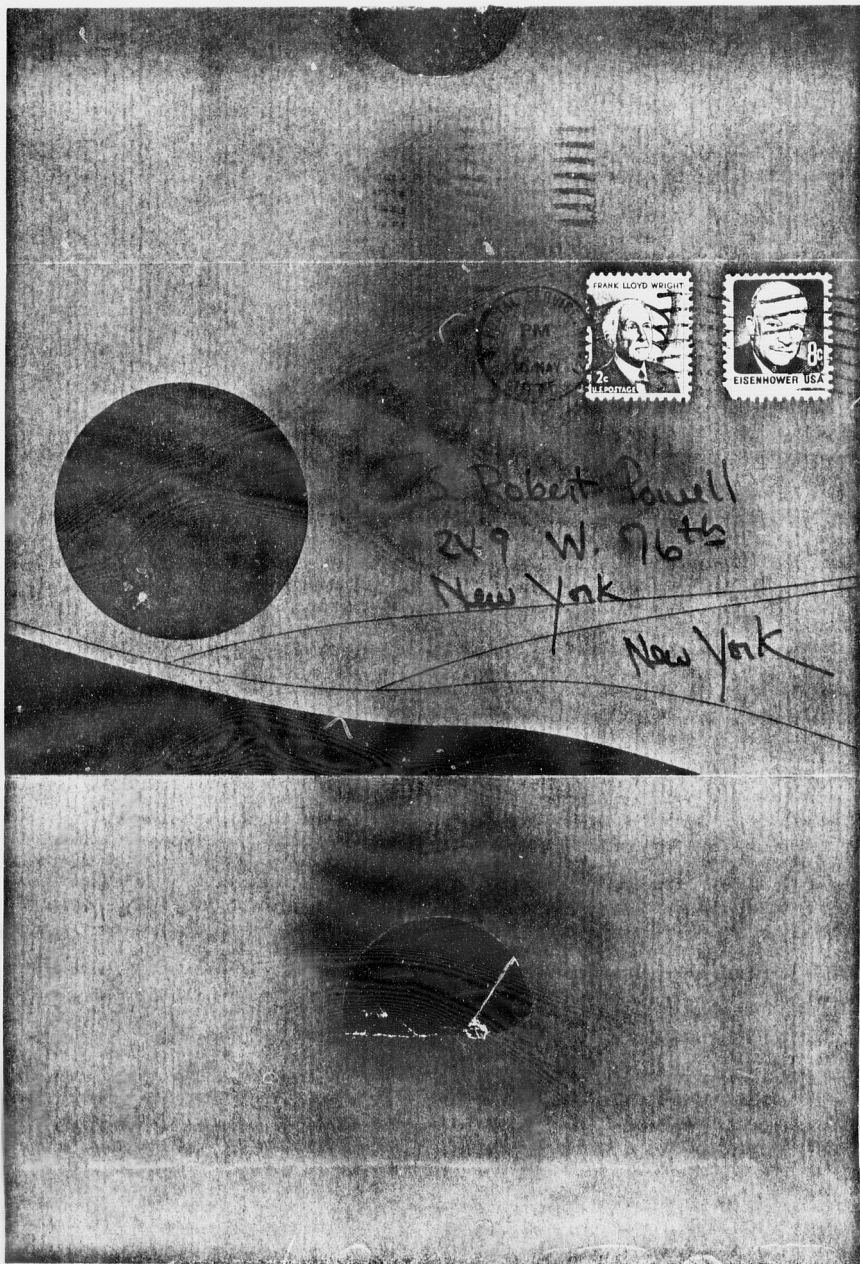
Thanks for a wonderful time
in NYC—

— am frantically packing now.

Tim says "Hello" again—

Janice

4062



4063

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Hours: 8 A.M. to 7 P.M. Daily, Sun 8 to 5

CALL FOR ONE FREE QUESTION

May 31, 1975

Dear Jay and Nance,

Any attempt to explain my epistolary doldrums would appear "faible." Donc, as the French are given to saying at such times, I shall proceed. Enclosures: (1) a copy of "Sonnet Autobiographique" (2) a copy of the abstract of "Magnum Opus" as it appears in DISSERTATION ABSTRACTS INTERNATIONAL. To say that I am most pleased with what Xerox University Microfilms has done is indeed litotes. Not surprisingly, I ordered a copy of my dissertation almost immediately. It's beautiful--it's six by nine and bound in cobalt blue.

A miracle has taken place: I am currently listed on the register of the city of New York and am receiving UNEMPLOYMENT. Never, NEVER, has anyone ever been more delighted. That whole distressing thing about not having my contract renewed at Brooklyn College has turned out, if not well, at least for the better. As I believe I once explained, employees of the city of New York were not, until the first of this year, entitled to unemployment. Given the state of the economy, our beloved mayor (I think his name is Beame) decided to lay-off thousands of city employees. In order to placate that sizable group of employees, special legislation was passed allowing them to receive unemployment, and, according to OFFICIAL BUREAUCRATIC PRONOUNCEMENTS, I qualify. My widespread efforts to find a teaching job have been to no avail. For every position in a four year college in America there are now, according to MLA and the Wall Street Journal, about 600 applicants. It probably is easier to get into the Academie Francaise at the moment than to find a teaching job in an American university. Things being as they are, and that being the case, I am particularly delighted to be receiving this "scholarship" from the city of New York.

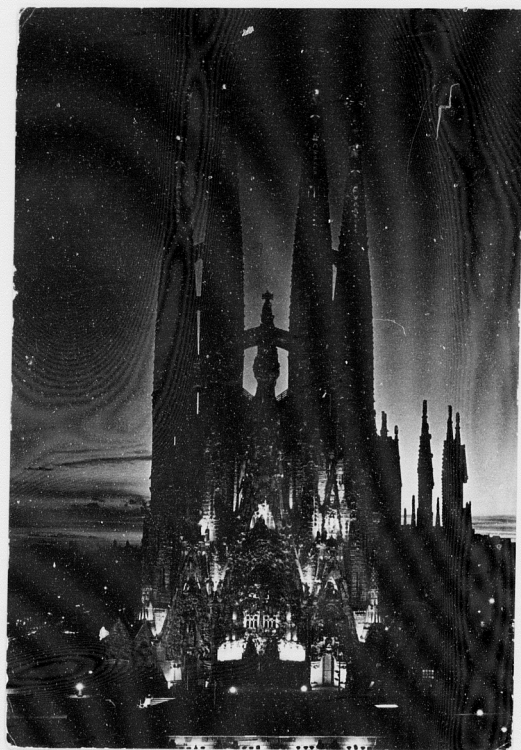
My newly discovered free time has convinced me that I never want to work for anyone ever again. (This week, of course, I will win the lottery.) Quite frankly, I have never been so busy in my life as I have been since the first of the year. I am currently finishing a volume of writing the general subject of which is the history of music and myself. Said volume is over 500 pages at this point. It will appear in August, having been privately printed in a limited edition by "Sheffield Press," of which I am the editor-in-chief. Also I am working on a book with a friend on the general subject of "The American Road." Actually, I am the co-author--I will be writing the text and my co-author will be supplying the photographs. I was most surprised when I received the phone call inquiring as to whether I was available for writing the text in question. My co-author is a painter whose Soho show I wrote a review of when it opened in December of last year--I sent him a copy of the review, we've met and off we go on this literary-photographic endeavor. He's found an agent who is interested and they are already speaking of a first edition of 10,000 copies.

What are your plans? Will you be in Lucerne again next year? Will you be there this summer? If you should be passing through NYC on your way South or West, I shall be delighted to provide the necessary accommodations, whether it be overnight or for ten days. Have you been to the Wagner Museum at Tribschen? If you can find a post card of that place I would love it. Several years of very pleasant memories are currently swirling about in my head--a certain volkswagen by the name of Dubbie (sp.?) has just traversed the space between the tip of my nose and my left eye. Suddenly I'm hungry for pizza. And there you have it.

Peace: S. Robert

As you may have guessed, I have a thing for stamps. Sometimes I get so fond of the way the stamps look on an envelope that I don't want to mail the letter. (Mt. Sinai is coming, with a basket, in the morning).

4065



IBERIA

LINEAS AEREAS DE ESPAÑA



Arriving ~~midnight~~ on 2
Sat. afternoon - with
will to work at art show,
desire for tea at
Lincoln Center, and
goodies for you.

See you then.

Janice



Sr. Robert Powell

249 W. 76th Street

New York

New York

BARCELONA
Templo de la Sagrada Familia
The Holy Family Temple

HOVEDLIG
HOLIGTID
HOLIGTID

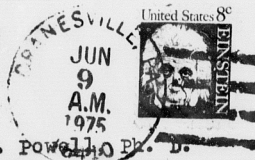
4066



THE YOUNG ARTIST
BY JOHN W. CHUMLEY (1928-)
HASSAM FUND
EVERHART MUSEUM
SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

Dearest etc. ,

Missed see-ing you
at the run-ing at Epsom
though the Downs were
as lovely this year as
ever. With the great-
est anticipation of your
impending visit etc.
etc. Yours,
Endymion



S. R. Powell, Ph. D.
249 W. [redacted] 76th St., 4A
New York, N. Y. 10023

[From DWP]

4067

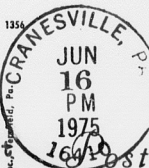


Greetings from
ALBION, PENNA.

A neighbor boy, aged 12,
here with some of his
records for us to listen
to, has just asked me what
year I started my [redacted]

[redacted] autobiography. I
don't [redacted] think I ever use
the word autobiography in
his presence. I feel as
if I am immortal.

Medaglia d'Oro, Medaglia
d'Oro, avocado, avocado,
New York, New York. end.



Post Card

Dr. S. Robert Powell

249 W. 76th St, #4A

New York, N. Y. 10023

DR-97312-8

LOOK AT THAT!

[From owp]

4068



"Chez HANSI"
Grande Brasserie Alsacienne

3, Place du 18 Juin 1940
PARIS-MONTPARNASSE
Tél. 548-96-41 et 96-42
(Photo Yvon)

15 juin 1940
par avion



*Caro Roberts,
As the card shows,
we are about to sit down
to a sumptuous spot of
lunching. A bientôt.
Toif + Jerry*

Muzig
LA REINE DES BIERES D'ALSACE

*M. S. Robert Powell
249 W. 76th St. # 9A
New York, New York
U.S. A.
Etats-Unis*



4069

1. suffisamment grisé par ces illusions métaphysiques
2. mettre une rallonge à la table - put in another ^{leaf}
3. se battre à la corde de traction - tug of war
4. la griboulée - sudden shower
les griboulées de Mars - April showers
5. gogone - marionnette
la Mère Gogone - old woman who lived
in a shoe
6. zester - to remove the peel from
7. courir comme un zèbre - to hoof runner
8. jucher - to perch
juchon - roosting place
9. malappris - rude, ill-bred
10. passer le méridien - to go South
11. le talon d'Achille
12. moisi - mouldy
sentir le moisi - smell musty
13. patins à roulette - roller skates
14. le persiflage - banter
15. le poignard écossais - dark
16. le théâtre de Palichouelle - Punch & Judy show
le secret de Palichouelle - everybody's ^{secret}
17. agent provocateur - professional ^{agitator}

18. la cécité - blindness
19. le talon rouge - arrested
20. se tailler en sucres - to achieve success
21. rapetisser - to dwarf
cette maison rapetisse les autres
22. caprin (e) ^{fam.} - goat-like
23. la Careme - defaulting
^{blatant}
la Careme des pouvoirs publics
(the infamy of public authorities)
24. la turbulence - earthly Valerius
25. adieu paniers, vendanges sont faites. - it is all over & done with
26. le vulgaire pecun - the common herd.
27. le Courlier - the Curlew
28. décauté - fam. - broke, cleaned out
29. le truchement - interpreter
30. monter le dérapage - fam. - to skid
at the top of air wave
31. payer les violons - pay the piper
32. émonder - prune
l'émonnage - pruning
33. émiceller - sweeten with honey

34. fluctuer - to fluctuate

35. bouger trente-six du mois - one in a
blue moon.

36. fougueusement - impetuously

37. un sirop de groseille - a red current
syrup.

38. friable - crumbly

39. se sequestrer - to shut oneself up

40. une violation de sépulture -
desecration of the grave

Earl & Monique NOELTE

12 June 1975
Green

Dear Bob,

Yes, we received your "April 9, 1975 letter" and your more recent writing. Like the weather, which went from winter to summer over a long weekend, I, too, am in search - at least by recollection - of Spring.

But I shall have to write of the absence of that season, when I am in St. Jean-de-Luz where I am to follow a second cure for my recovering body. This time, however, Monique and Nobuko travel with me. Together, we shall have three weeks of Atlantic Ocean peace! The anticipation is equally great in each corner since Nobuko has already seen to the pool and she has begun to play with the beach ball. Though she has been on her feet for some time, Nobuko has yet to walk alone. Our impression is that her first firm steps will occur at the waves' edge. How appropriate for my "seagull"!

When I have settled at St. Jean, I, then, intend to share more than a few thoughts with you. For several days now I have had the sound of surf and breaking waves echoing in my mind. More than once I have recalled walking boats moving upon the sea and returning to port. In essence, the spiritual cure has begun.

Once your deadlines have passed, I hope that a letter will come our way; in the meantime you will have learned more of us.

To echo a few lines, what time I have has been concentrated upon the ~~two~~ ~~three~~ and home - both held at the moment. Monique has

2

not felt well for several weeks and has thought
mostly of our vacation - which should enable
her to rest and to regain her strength. The
youngest tells each day with new sounds and
signs of growth. That discovery continues
to capture and engross many of my thoughts.

Many, because the past year has been in
great part an enormous and perpetual struggle,
moments are when I am unable to ease
the strain. Too burdened by the recent past
and somewhat drained by the present, my
mind - not to overlook my body - needs to
encounter the movement of fresh air. Most
difficult of all has been to glance upon
tomorrow, though the past few weeks have
found me quite preoccupied with the sea-
sonic year 1975 - 1976, a sign of recovery!
When I have had my second cure, I hope that
I shall be able to return to the writing of my
thesis. For the, too long, those pages have remained
unwritten...

Of this, your letter, will be acknowledged earlier
at St. Jean. Now, I must be off to the Laskhale.
To close the seminar on Japan, which Mrs. S. and
I will spend next year - a mark of continuity!

Bob, please excuse my pen's silence the
reasons of which I shall develop in my next
letter. We hope that you be well and again
we thank you for your writing. Our very best
to you - as always -

P.S. Yes, your
"le" accompanies
me to St. Jean -

Thank you!
More to follow...

Care

Carl Monique
and Noelle



HELVETIA



M. S. Robert Powell
249 West 76th Street
New York City - New York
10023
U.S.A.

4075

June 29, 1975

Dear Robert,

We were delighted to hear from you and can very well understand your reasons for being in a state of limitless joy concerning your recently launched literary career. However, it doesn't seem befitting that at such a monumental stage of your being you would be among the ranks of the unemployed! Perhaps we should consider coining a new 'maxime' something to the effect of 'One can only be creative when given the time needed to exercise such talents. Therefore, if you wish to be creative you must first create time. Ergo, unemployment is the source of all creativity.' I agree that it is a rather long 'maxime' but it could give rise to great conversation. It could be presented something like, 'The other day, while coming to work on the Long Island Railroad, I happened to to (I just love to be redundant) read the most interesting line of bathroom graffiti (sp.)' If you find the occasion to drop such a line at the next meeting of the Literary Guild, I would appreciate knowing how it was received.

In reply to some of the questions contained in your letter, I would like to offer the following responses: yes, yes, no and we haven't had time yet.

I hope you remembered not only the questions that you asked, but the order as well.

Re: Sonnet Autobiographique -

Etant donné le fait que tu es plus créateur entre le coucher du soleil et le lever du soleil, il te serait très emmerdant de t'habituer à la vie au pays du soleil à minuit.

En plus, puisque les fautes dactylographique te hantent, cette lettre doit être un vrai cauchemar. De fautes de dactylo, elle est pleine.

Should you have occasion to become somewhat philosophic in The American Road, I would like to offer the following verses of Japanese Haiku by yours truly:

Soft ground underfoot (ground)
Leave impressions if you can
All may be forgotten.

It should be placed under a picture of wet and/or muddy fields of amber waves of grain. I rarely write anything like this poem, but I like these verses and simply wanted to share them with you.

It is presently raining in Lucerne, Luzern, Lucerna, a phenomena quite natural to this city. However, in spite of poor meteorological co-operation, we have managed to fully enjoy our first year at AFC. We are presently planning on remaining here for at least two more years. If the school grows and looks as though it will offer a good career type of position, we will most likely stay for quite a long time. However, it will be imperative that we visit the U.S. from time to time.

4076

We have not yet gone to the Richard Wagner Museum but are planning to do so when the weather would make it pleasing. We will however enclose a carte postale of said endroit for your viewing pleasure.

I am sure that you do not yet know that we are enjoying our first mobile European experience. We are the proud owners of a white 1972 Renault 16. We have named her Rene. The naming is a classic example of originality. Most of our friends are enable to discover from whence the name came.

Please excuse the fact that this typewriter is not co-operating with my fingers.

My charming FRAU has just returned ~~from~~ ^{from} the cuisine with some liquid refreshment and I feel obliged to join her in the drawing room for our evening aperitif.

Please excuse me for leaving the letter for a drink. Cheers!

Now that we have finished cocktails (that term could be quite obscene) it's time for ~~the~~ ^{the} din-din. This evening, my wife has prepared a real international treat: Boules viandesque napolitaine avec les nouilles (sp?) More commonly referred to in most kitchens throughout the modern world as Spaghetti and meatballs. However, it sounds quite exotic expressed in a different manner.

Well, I guess it's about time to say chiao. So.....chow!

Do ~~xx~~ keep in touch and let us know what is happening vis a vis literary world fame and fortune.

PEACE,

AY had me too!

P.S. I am truly sorry for all the typographical faults!

4077

AMERICAN
FASHION
COLLEGE
OF SWITZERLAND



169

Dr. S. Robert Powell
249 West 76th Street
New York, New York
U. S. A.

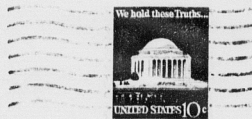
PAR AVION LUFTPOST
VIA AEREA



4078

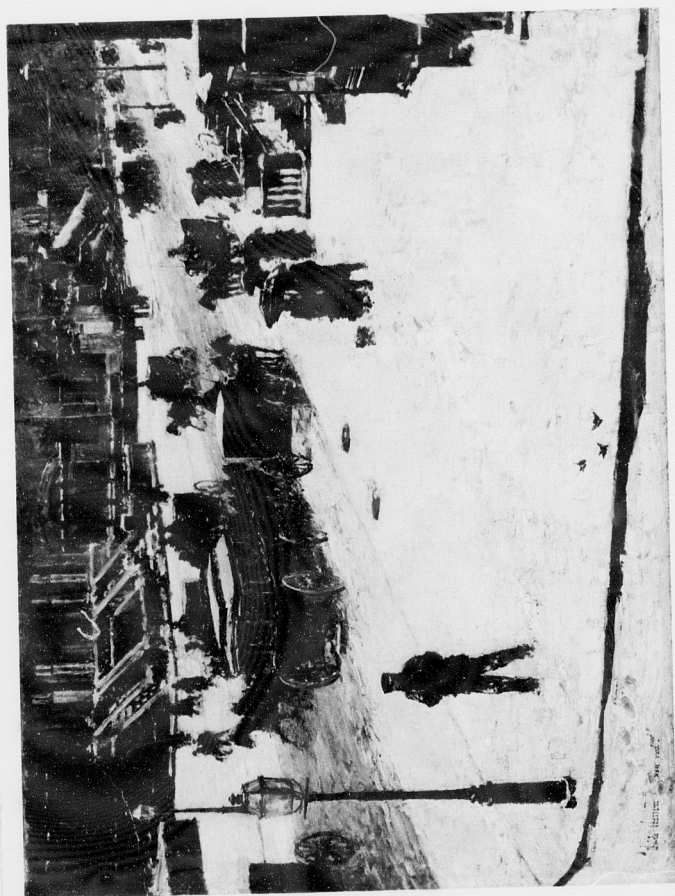
Sincerely,
You are
invited to stay
with me for as
long as you wish.
If you're with a
friend, that's fine too.
Just call & let me
know when —

By the way, I have a
 "good location" picture in a
 place the "perfect"



Robert Powell
249 W. 76th St
New York, New York

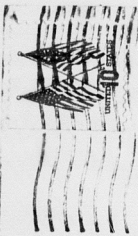
4079



4080

My class and I
plus a few extras
have come here
today for an "art
experience". We
have had a few-
beers and other
refreshments. It is
hot. My students
want me as I
sit here by a fountain
in the courtyard
I want to take some
pictures.

Childe Hassam, American, 1859-1935
Fifth Avenue in Winter, ca. 1892. Oil on canvas
Museum of Art, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh



S. Robert Powell
249 W. 76th St.,
apt 4 A
New York, N.Y.

SOME ADDITIONAL THOUGHTS ON THE PART OF THE WRITER:

"The amazing thing about Donald," said Si, "is his ability to flip from one role into another and be perfectly comfortable in it."

Both he and I agreed that we were, ourselves, more likely to stand with our backs against the wall in any but the most conducive situations. Conducive meaning the ones that most related to our own particular worlds which we carry with us, like snails and their shells.

(I cannot imagine Donald painting a seascape that is a vast and sweeping expanse. I see it instead as a microcosm of one wave, a universe in a wave, a close-up, in other words. I mean, I don't see it as just a "seascape.")

"There's no land in it, if that's what you mean," said Si.)

("There was this amazing round of visits. Tea here, a drink there. Donald can walk into a room and immediately slip into the lifestyle of everyone there.")

"I've seen him do that. Sometimes I wonder, though, if he does it just to see how he, more than the other people will react to certain situations and his own behavior in them.")

Brothers and brothers and brothers and sisters and their discussions with each other about peculiarities, shared, and differences, perhaps also shared, but at least from the same source if not shared. (Both Fredrick and I refuse to eat "mutated" foods -- a too-large tomato, two grapes stuck together.) ("Donald and I spent a great deal of time talking about ourselves and our differences and similarities.")

At Spotlight, they asked me if I'd had a lively weekend and when I said not lively, but lovely, I spent it writing and reading and making constructions for my film, they were baffled and could not respond. I was reminded of another night, another dinner -- my very first dinner party, to be specific -- when Si said, "I try never to be at my best when I'm working at AMA. That's always the leftover thing to do and I get my sleep when I'm about to do my own work."

THE DINNER MENU:

Salad -- with chick peas and avocado, radishes and romaine
Noodles and caviar
Strawberries (courtesy of Genie)
Rice Krispies cookies (also courtesy of Genie)
an Espresso mousse with chocolate chips
Gallo hearty burgundy (much was consumed by ~~Si and Trebbe~~)
Si and Trebbe)

Today is the fourth of July and when I get back to work on Monday they're going to ask me how I spent it and whether I went to the beach and had a barbeque.

Trebbe

4082

July 4, 1975

DONALD.....

"WHILE YOU WERE OUT...."

You were yet present, in abstentia, at a recent dinner party hosted by Mr. S. Robert Powell. Guests: Trebbe and Genie.

It was disclosed that two major innovative attempts (current) and successes (future) were underway in the creative lives of two of the individuals present. Mr. Powell is writing an oratoria (subject as yet unknown, but a religious theme is possible). Trebbe is writing a film (subject: form and motion and the creation of the universe and humankind. As previously discussed at length with Donald Powell while both were in residence at 44 Hungerford Road, London, England.)

Some vital statistics were revealed about the lives of all people there gathered.

THE NEW YEAR BEGINS FOR THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE ON THE FOLLOWING
BXX DAYS:

Si: September 2 (I think)

Trebbe: September 10 (her half-birthday)

Genie: September 17

PLANT NEWS:

Si fertilizes his plants on the first of the month (the date of the gathering), but not when he has company because "It really does smell like dead fish."

Ever since Genie transplanted her avocado, it has been failing in health.

Ever since Trebbe began misting her palm tree it has been thriving.

Ms. Wing accounted for Mr. Powell and Trebbe the attempt (unwelcome) of a young man to elicit and solicit her attentions while she spent an afternoon in Carl Schurtz Park, near Gracie Mansion.

Genie's bike has been stolen.

Si's days are celebrated by at least two baths. For him, it was also revealed, "time is marked by water."

It was agreed by all that the time before dawn and the time when the rest of the world is asleep are the most creative of times.

4083



S. Robert Fewell
249 W 76
NYC 10023

Trebb
414 e 78
NYC 10021

Wallace, Aitken & Shell, Inc.
140 East 61 Street, New York, NY 10021

4084

COULEURS ET LUMIÈRE DE FRANCE

La Côte Basque
64 - SOCOA (Pyrénées-Atlantiques)
Vue de Socoa à contre-jour
(Photo aérienne Lang-Cipha)
10/63

To swim, with sad exercise
each day has more than
helped me to re-gain not
only strength but also a
certain calm. Have thought
of you most often - again
the presence of the waves
what music! Nellys, the
'see turtle' has resumed the
beach, visited more than the
sand and taken to the
ocean's movements. The
gipsy, too, has recovered
from our recent strains - a
absolute nothing! Hope you
be well at on Vambosse
Coil, Munique, Nellys



Mr. S. Robert Powell
249 West 76th Street
New York City
New York
10023

U.S.A.



4085

SPOTLIGHT PRESENTS

Mr. S. Robert Powell
249 West 76th Street
New York, NY 10023

July 9, 1975

Si:

Ed threatens a transactions with Alliance Française if he does not immediately succeed in doing what he has been attempting to do for several weeks now -- i.e. speak with you over the phone about French tutoring.

I should think that he (linguistically) and you (financially) would benefit from a phone call made by you immediately upon receipt of this letter.

Yours truly,

Trebbie

C: Ed Ditterline, Spotlight Presents

4086

July 10, 1970

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE WHINER

What I am about to do is to express my dislike of the whiner. But, watch out. Am I complaining about the whiner? Yes. I am. Beware. Am I whining about the whiner? I can only say I hope it won't be that way.

The whiner is a person with a bad habit. However, one usually thinks of that habit as ~~an~~ vocal. The whiner is that person who makes one syllable into two -- the first syllable rises in pitch and the second syllable falls and drags.

The whiner does not whine about a particular subject; that is, not about ONE particular subject. The whiner may wish to communicate the fact that he cannot get a job. There would be several ways to go about this for the non-whiner:

He could quote statistics from the Wall Street Journal about the current unemployment rate.

He could recite to his listener the number of blind men selling pencils that he encountered as he roamed the streets in search of a job (presuming, of course, he lived in New York).

He could describe the timbre of the voices that rejected him.

He could compose mental letters of fury to those who rejected him and recite them to his listener. These would, of course, have to be well ~~rehearsed~~ ^{rehearsed} else the person reciting them would instantly be classified as a whiner.

How would the whiner describe the inability to get a job? He would bring all the small facts of his misery into one amalgamated lump of universal misery. Sore feet, the heat of the day, the traffic, the blind pencil sellers who take up space on the sidewalk, the terrible unfairness of the rich fat bastards who sit all day in air conditioned offices and take two-hour lunch breaks and never do a goddam thing except blow their noses off people like me who really deserve and need a job.

Whining is not synonymous with anger. Anger is a violent emotion directed at another person for some injustice done the person who is angry.

Whining is anger stunted in its growth and then dragged about on a metaphorical piece of string in this stunted state. It has time to pick up the grime of the environment and its potential is lost in its pathos. Pathos is inappropriate; pathos is too strong a word. If there is a noun for pathetic, that's what it is.

People do not whine about critical injustices. Major injustices. Would a person whine about being arrested for a murder he did not commit? Would a person whine when his mother died? Would a person whine if he discovered he had to undergo surgery for a brain tumor?

4087

If he did, he would be so confirmed a whiner that he would be comical. Aristophanes' characters can whine about losing all their fortunes in one afternoon; Shakespearean characters can whine when their families are shipwrecked and perhaps dead. But if a major crisis becomes a whine it also becomes comedy. Imagine the pathos evaporating (the word pathos is correct here) if a person were to say, "My hooouuuuse burned dow-own."

The inability to find a job is not a minor crisis. But (see above), it is only the whiner who drags in the surrounding discomforts to make the seeking of a job major, and he hence diminishes the importance of his inability to find a job. The person who makes others laugh about his misfortunes may be attempting to lessen his own pain. If he does this joking in moderation he is amusing. If he does it to excess he is dishonest and he will disgust his more intelligent friends who feel he is incapable of honesty. If he speaks long and seriously of his problems, he is more honest but perhaps too much so. ~~There~~ There is a limit to which even the closest friends can give a damn. If he says nothing at all, he is brave and perhaps heroic. But then he will get absolutely no compassion at all from anyone and (admit it) does anyone really want that?

When I began writing this I knew that I am one who is inclined toward the latter reaction to crisis. Say nothing at all. ~~-----~~

Consequence: I am infuriated to an excessive degree by anyone who has the audacity to complain to me about a trivial matter. Or perhaps I am exasperated to an excessive degree about anyone who has the courage to thrust this trivia on me and think I care.

Conclusion: whiners are irritating people and are not to be tolerated by those who do not whine. Or, they should be told to shut up. Or, they should be ignored and the subject should be changed to something of universal significance or utter trivia. (The sun is moving toward the earth at a ~~xxxxxx~~ speed of 100 miles per day.) (Can you tell me whose footprints Lucille Ball stole from Grauman's Chinese Theatre on the I Love Lucy Show?)

Have I whined, then?

7eebbe

4088



Friday Encino

DEL'S RESTAURANT
Hwy. 66 East
TUCUMCARI, NEW MEXICO

Tucumcari Mountain located near Highway 66. The Indian legend as told by Chief Geronimo is that: An Apache Chief by the name of Wautonamah lived on the mountain with his beautiful daughter Kari. The Apache chief had two graves of his tribe picked as prospective husbands for Kari and to follow him as chief one Tonapon, whom she hated, and the other, Tocom, whom she loved. The chief suggested a duel with daggers for her hand. Kari overheard the plan, hid in the trees, and when Tonapon killed Tocom, rushed out and killed Tonapon and herself, falling across Tocom's body. The chief hearing the news killed himself with Kari's dagger crying "To-com-Kari". The name is now Tucumcari.

Color by Randy Reece

Time has gone by only too swiftly - so many roadside visual delights - my eyeballs are sore. It's quite extraordinary to see the change from State to State especially topographically. And again idiosyncratically. L.A. is too much - even here 5 days and am just starting. Out to S.F. soon



Post Card

Robert S. Powell
249 W. 76th St
N.Y.C. 10023

4089

JLG

July 21

Dear Robert,

Here's a picture you might like - Speaking of Tim, he is well. I got a card from him today from Helyndebouene. He'd done some sort of performance there.

As for me - Well, I have never known what work is until now. My job is very demanding & hard! There is just so much to learn. I'm learning everything about welfare. At least my friends Sally & Marilyn work there with me.

Have planned Ti'quing in Miami, I think. And I

4090

must get my passport
renewed, too!

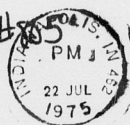
What's happening in your
life? Have you done your
ballets yet? How is your book?
Do write sometime - I'd really
love to get a letter (especially
from one so charming as you)
Janice

dear Robert,

This is my favorite!

All is well here - I join
the working class in a
week! Keep in touch -
Ganice

5234 Luykman St. #105
Indpls 46205



Robert Powell
249 W. 76th St.
New York
New York 10023

4092

The fourth movement of the Mahler Second has just begun.
A lovely gentle voice. Sides one and two have played,
and then the music stop-ed. I went out. To the store,
and then to Robs. We had a brief little chat and John
was there.

I have [redacted] begun to be busy again. I have been undergo-ing
a long experiment with myself in which I have been see-ing
how I behave [redacted] "under" love. How it effects me.
And, too, affects me.

Philosophically I suppose it [redacted] is a rather simple and
eternal thing that I am [redacted] do-ing.

To wit :

I am let-ing what is be the most perfect manifestation
of what I have thought.

[redacted] Heaven, the wished for, the eternal, is what is
go-ing on.

There is no more [redacted] someday.

Everything that is is a step.

The moment the "thing" is sighted then from that instant
the clock begins and [redacted] then everything [redacted] that
is, that happens, is the [redacted] particular step
that it is that is go-ing on at the particular moment.

This is a happy day in the continuum of [redacted] days that is my
life.

And, too, I am make-ing brioche. Wonderfull brioche. Gorgeous
brioche. Fun brioche.

4893

And I am telling everybody that I have to be in New York on the 15th of August for a dinner party to celebrate the occasion of the issuance, perhaps presentation, certainly revelation, of "my brothers book".

~~regain~~ : when the distances between things are cut down

when what used to be long un-sustained time (intervals)
between things [redacted] is no longer [redacted] empty and
ramble-ing but [redacted] is filled [redacted] with a sure
knowledge and certainty.

Brioche without milk is not brioche. A trip to the store,
thus, [redacted] produced 12 eggs, 2 quarts of milk,
a ^{tin} [redacted] of Hershey's milk chocolate [redacted] fudge topping
new [redacted] wt. 16 ozs. (one pound) ready to serve . . . and a
partridge in a pear [redacted] tree. Your peach jam is gone. One of
the peaches you bought is still in the [redacted]
refrigerator, shrivel-ing away. One day I will do something
with it. To it.

4094

Donald W. Powell
51 Bateman Avenue
Cranesville, Pa. 16410

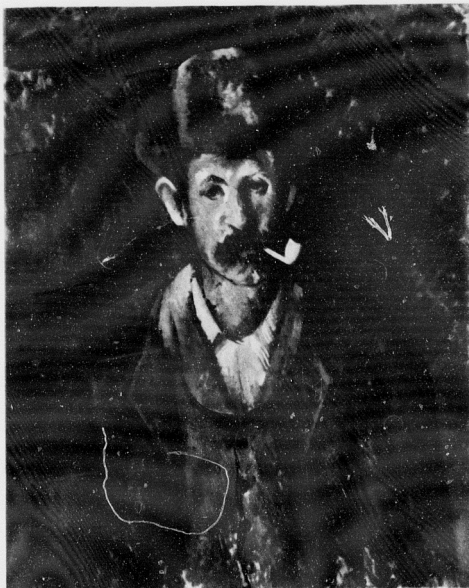
S. R. Powell

249 West 76th Street

New York City, New York. 10023.



4095

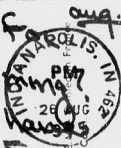


how's your quest for
a new home coming?
i just hope you have
help in moving? are
you taking everything with
you?

i'll try to call in 2
weeks + let you know
my final plans. i am
excited at the prospect
of NYC, you + Lincoln
Center -

janice

129 P. CÉZANNE - L'homme à la pipe
Man with a pipe
Collection Courtauld, Londres
Courtauld Collection, London



Robert Powell
249 West 76th St
New York
New York

4096



Robert dear-

**TWIST O'HILL LODGE AND COTTAGES
WILLISTON, VERMONT**

View of Mt. Mansfield, Conners Pond, and the
Winouski Valley from porch. 1944
10 miles east of Burlington, on 1575, 6000
feet and tall.

We need to relax to my summer
retreat in the mountains. The
air you know. Believe the country
who due to arrive for a brief
stay from her world trip. Moments
are so much clearer here
it's the air. One "barbarians" only
bring attention to the public
where as the public forgets the beautiful
and is irresponsible to their historic
ment. Outraged indeed!!
I'll catch transportation back to New York for the 15th until then



POST CARD

Address

S.R. POWELL
249 WEST 76th STREET
NEW YORK CITY,
NEW YORK.
10023

han-GW.

{ Genie wing }

4097

Dear Robert,
You're an incredibly
good friend. Thanks so
much.

Maya





781-7622

Marys
970 Sunbury Rd.
Columbus, Ohio 43219



**AIR MAIL
SPECIAL DELIVERY**

S. Robert Powell
168 W. 86th Street Apt. 14D
New York, N.Y. 10024

AIR MAIL

AIR MAIL

SPECIAL DELIVERY

SPECIAL DELIVERY

4099

9/5/75
Picturesque street scene of Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard.

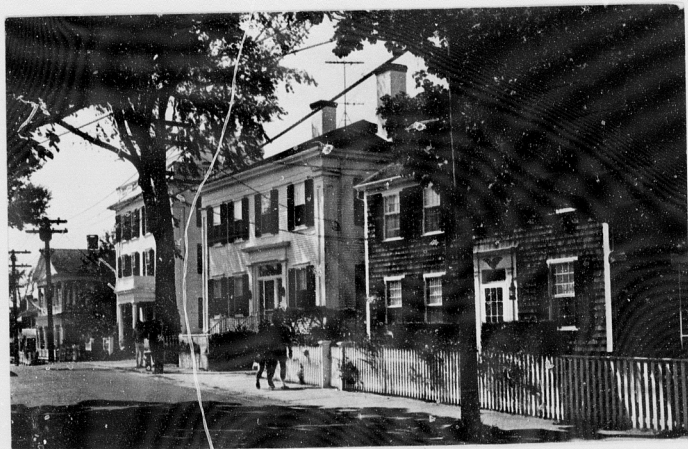
Dear Bob - White clapboard houses with black shutters, cobblestone streets, Old France, Johnsbury Rising, 18th century streets, old town Quebec, deer at sunset, lobsters boiled in seawater over a wood fire, waterfalls everywhere you turn, flume rides, country bread - hot out of a stone oven, fresh home made soup, maple sugar candy, smells of pine and bayberry and sea water, ferry rides, steamed clams in drawn butter, cotton candy clouds stretched over bushy hills - these are things vacations are made of.
Love, Chris and Bill

Dist. by Edward L. Thomas, Vineyard Haven, Mass. 02558.



POST CARD

Robert Powell
249 W. 76th Street
Apt. 4 A
New York, NY
10023



[Chris & Bill Farhood]

4100

J. S. 75
Geneva

Dear Bob:

It seems that the "Cecil B. DeMille" view was overlooked during the first meeting. Which one have you selected for an oversized poster? Or has all the wall surface been covered?

How is the apartment? We are anxious to learn how you have settled.

Here within our four rooms many particulars remain, for example, painting; yet, no hands will be lifted until October. By then, I, too, may be able to handle a paintbrush!

Other than the saber wound on the left cheek, I am more or less intact. On Monday I can return to the pool which should further help the re-building process.

Is your return to Brooklyn imminent? Let me know what your thinking is and also a reaction or two.

Now that pre-seminar preparations have been completed, I have turned towards the thesis. For the moment I am reading, yet before vacation I would like to phrase a line or two. It has been so long! But thank God Franklin and Woodrow are stronger than I.

Hopefully, I shall hear from you and learn how the present is. Would you give our best to Kati, Kostas and Joel?

Undoubtedly a word will come from St. Jean-de-Luz; until then, all the very best,

Ever
Carl

4101



Photos

529

Mr. S. Robert Powell
249 West 76th Street, # 4A
New York City, New York
40023
U.S.A.

E. Noelke
16, rue François Gressy
1208 Genève
Suisse

4102

Earl & Monique NOELTE

11 September 1975
Geneva

Dear Bob,

While Natasha sleeps, Monique sews,
Roberto (Flork) sings, I write... what?...
yes, and at last. Please forgive my
summer silence; but, as you will read, time
has been most precious, therefore, scarce.

Upon our return from St-Jean-de-Luz,
I had to care for Natasha in the morning
while Monique was at work; then, in the
afternoon, I took my thesis in hand - a
rather strange series of emotions which
brought forth several nightmares: that I
would never finish; that the subject had be-
come ludicrous. That my defense was unneces-
sary, etc. When I awoke, however, the urge
remained to continue with which I have
written nearly 100 pages. At the moment I
near the halfway mark. Afternoons, occasional
evenings and, more recently, now that Natasha
goes to a nursery until mid-afternoon, mornings
find me at the desk.

The above paragraph otherwise read: after
two and a half years my back holds!! My
care at St-Jean was excellent for both my
body and my mind. While I have to exercise
each day, to go to the pool and to take walks
as often as possible, at last, enough strength
has returned for me to handle the present and
even to consider the future. Can you imagine
that? If not, I shall try to help you.

For the on-coming academic year Madame
Steigert and I have two seminars, one on
Japan in the contemporary world and the

offer on public opinion and foreign policy. My present intention is to defend my thesis either in late Spring or in early Summer 1976 which leaves me available for the academic year 1976-1977. Here, there and everywhere are where I plan to look for a teaching position. If this combination should fail, then, I shall most likely sell fish, yes, an old hang-up with Fanny if I remember correctly. Another aspiration, though much less latent, is that Noriko and I intend to be in New England next March-April. Semester break at the Institute provides enough time for a few weeks on Church Street, 2 week or two in Hyde Park, if further research be necessary, and a certain number of interviews if my candidature should appeal to any of those academic institutions which I have in mind. At the moment and most likely comparable to everyone else, I have the Boston-Washington axis in mind - also very much at heart! But who knows?

Our evenings have us most often with our friends: the other night Emile, his Marie-Anne and Mme. Stewart were here for a Soirée. Much of the conversation centered upon West Berlin, a city where I should very much like to live and to teach. (Yes, I shall have at least one interview there.) Monique and I shall have the occasion to be in West Berlin late next Spring for Emile's civil wedding - he believes that the Church missed her entry into the 20th Century - since we are to be his and Anne's witnesses to their marriage. Rather difficult not to recall another civil ceremony! As Emile wrote

Earl & Monique NOELTE

me from Poland where he had been during the past year working on his thesis, "I only wish that we laugh!" Why not?

The past three weeks have had Lou-Lou in Montreal visiting her family and providing a most necessary break for her. Since last February her marriage has been less than secure. We have shared many, many hours together with the result that she is a part of us. Before her departure she went with us to spend a long weekend in the Alps at the chalet of other friends of ours. We laughed and drank her good evening!

More sober moments, however, have me reaching or listening to music. For the latter, the Summer offering in Geneva was most winning; there too, I followed various Summer Festivals on France Musique. During one weekend at Bayreuth I heard Parsifal, Tristan und Isolde and Die Meistersinger: The Tristan was glorious. Earlier, I had been at Orange where I heard Die Walküre with Nilsson. I think that I can still hear her! Must add that I have a cousin through marriage who plays first piano with the Orchestre National de France and who was at Orange for the occasion. It seems that the evening of Die Walküre a considerable wind storm arose which necessitated that the musicians cover their nets while the turning of the pages required no effort at all. And I can still hear Nilsson!! More recently, I was in Salzburg where I heard Von Karajan's Don Carlos with Christa Ludwig whose voice never leaves me because I

have her recording of Mozart's Das Lied von der Erde. Then, I was in Lucerne (where?). A fourteen year old girl played Mendelssohn's violin concerto! Yes, fourteen years old and I began to recall the front porch, prisms in the morning, the early sun light... Tonight I am in Paris listening to Beatrice et Benedict.

Dare I ask what you have heard recently? First, because I know that in New York City, the radio becomes secondary. And now that the Met's new season ought to be underway I am even more curious. At the same time tell me of your Summer or have you only been on your island of preference? More than once I have thought of your writing. How much I would like to know what your present subject is, even more - much more - I should like to share several thoughts/impressions with you. What is your new view from 14 D?

Both Monique and Nishiki are well. Their hours together are many, especially, long & strenuous in the park. We have the feeling that Nishiki's first words be near but while we wait and investigate there be no lack of sound nor of movement.

When you have the occasion, please write. In the meantime, remember us to Kate and Kathy, your family and our friends. Our very best to you, as always.

Love

Enl. Monique
and Nishiki

PAR AVION LUFTPOST
VIA AEREA



Mr. S. R. Powell
168 West 86th Street, 14 D
New York City
New York
10024
U.S.A.

E. Noelle
16, rue Francois Gost
1204 Genève
Suisse

4107



S-236

CARMEL SUNSET
California

Looking across the Carmel Bay towards Pebble Beach.

9/10/75

Robert,

There's a bird in the tree but you probably can't see it.

Been having a terrific time. No problems with bus, lots of interesting people & some really beautiful scenery like Carmel.

Now no desire to come back but guess I'll stay to see the rest of the trip. Hope this reaches you. Call me soon, Mary.



POST CARD

Address

J Robert Powell

348 W 16th St
Apt 4A

New York, N.Y.

260 West 25th St #14D
New York NY 10001 (P)

4108



BRUCE GALLERY
DOUCETTE HALL • EDINBORO STATE COLLEGE • EDINBORO, PENNSYLVANIA 168444 • TELEPHONE (814) 732-2217

S —

In Pico's oration On the Dignity of Man, man's glory is derived from his mutability. The fact that his orbit of action is not fixed, like that of angels or of animals, gives him the power to transform himself into whatever he chooses and become a mirror of the universe. He can vegetate like a plant, rage like a brute, dance like a star, reason like an angel, and surpass them all by withdrawing into the hidden centre of his own spirit where he may encounter the solitary darkness of God. 'Who would not admire this chameleon?'

Quis hunc nostrum chamaeleonta non admiretur?

And so photographs of another time and of another place I send back to you.

I have them rephotographed. In black and white. And close up.

And you live with a view. And are you employed. Yes you are busy and yes you are working and yes and yes, but I have not yet ordered When you see this remember me.

Adieu. On this lyrical afternoon.

— D. 4109

DWP

SRP

Earl Noelte



SRP was
about to
depart
from Ouller
airport
for his first
trip to Europe.



DWP

4110

The
Rita Hunter
Fan Club

59 Courtfield Gardens,
London SW5

Telephone:
01-373-7668

Dear Member,

It is very difficult to keep the cost of paper, postage, etc., down in the age we live now, and so it gives me great pleasure to be able to offer you a facsimile reproduction of the drawing by Mr. Garady of Miss Hunter, of which Miss Hunter owns the original, at the small cost of £1.50 or \$5.00, including post and packing.

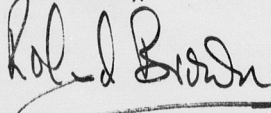
The wonderful photographs that have been taken of Miss Hunter in her many roles I can offer to you at 25p (size Postcard) or 75p (size 8" x 10") \$1.00 small, \$2.50 outside U.K.

There is a repertoire list available, should you be interested in seeing Miss Hunter's current singing roles.

Any other information it will be my pleasure to give you at any time.

I hope very soon that I shall have some recordings of Miss Hunter to offer you, and I am sure we will all be very interested in hearing this unique voice.

Yours sincerely,



President: Roland Brown

Patron: Dame Eva Turner, D.B.E.

4111

The
Rita Hunter
Fan Club

MEMBERSHIP CARD

Name: *S. Robert Powell*
Address: *168 WEST 86TH ST.*
APT. 14D N.Y. CITY 10024
Date: *23/10/74* No: *187/11*

Nov-6 / normal



S. Robert Powell.

168. WEST. 86TH STREET.

NEW YORK CITY.

APT. 14D.

10024.

800-7928

4112

P.S. The 'girl' incorrectly wrote your address - what shall I do with her? Am most anxious to hear from you. Please forgive the delay - more recent news to follow -
Earl

Genève, le 27 octobre 1975

Mon Cher Bob,

Si je m'installe ce soir devant la machine à écrire c'est parce qu'Earl est très occupé avec la reprise de l'Institut en particulier en début de semaine et que nous voulions t'écrire de façon assez urgente.

Mais tout d'abord que devient notre chômeur new yorkais... Il y a si longtemps qu'il n'a donné de ses nouvelles. Beaucoup se posent des questions... Nous savons qu'il a déménagé, qu'il a gardé la même ligne téléphonique. Nous savons aussi que probablement prochainement nous aurons le plaisir de savoir ce qui se va se passer sur le plan culturel et artistique. Pour quel théâtre avez-vous opté cette année ? Ou pour quelle salle de concert ?

Nous supposons que l'automne doit être agréable. Nous avons entendu, par les habitants de Tilton que le "foliage" était tout simplement magnifique. Par contre à Genève, si les arbres ont recouvert leurs teintes automnales (presque d'une semaine à l'autre, très tard), les Genevois ont droit à une grande nage dans le brouillard jusqu'à environ 2 heures de l'après-midi. Deux heures de splendide soleil et puis à nouveau la purée de pois que chacun "adore".

L'été chez les Noelte a passé comme un éclair, parce que bien rempli. Earl a enfin pu se remettre sur sa thèse et celle-ci prospère chaque jour un peu plus, prend des formes, en un mot se fait attendre. Une petite moitié est pondue et nous attendons l'autre grande moitié pour le printemps prochain, lorsque les hirondelles arriveront. Ou tout au moins nous espérons.

La Girafe elle se porte bien. Travail intéressant.... La vie de famille se déroule sans histoire, sans temps mort non plus car la vie, bien que monotone de loin, chez les Noelte, se corce de mille et un petits incidents et téléphones qui font que chaque jour est bien différent.

Quant à notre Mouette, elle vole, nous t'en assurons. Sur ses pieds depuis début juillet, maintenant nous avons de la peine à la suivre lorsqu'elle décide de piquer un cent mètres au parc voisin. Elle papote beaucoup, mange seule et va chaque matin à la Crèche du Quartier. Elle l'adore... Si bien que lorsque je vais la chercher après sa sieste, Mademoiselle réfléchit plutôt deux fois qu'une avant de se décider à prendre l'ascenseur. Oui la crèche est au 7ème étage d'un immeuble avec de grandes terrasses. C'est formidable. Les nurses sont adorables et les enfants dans un vrai paradis. Nous comprenons que la Mouette hésite avant de prendre le chemin de la maison.

4113

cela
Pendant que nous vient à l'esprit, nous voulons te dire que les Burley envoient "our best to Bob"... Ils habitent près de chez nous. nous les voyons par intermittence, puisque de leur côté ils sont très souvent en vadrouille. Ils viennent de déménager. Dans le même immeuble, sur le même étage... chose bizarre... mais quand même... dans un appartement un peu plus grand. Ils sont en pleine forme tous les deux. Bruce, toujours par monts et par vaux, pour son travail et également pour ses loisirs. Ils ont eu à plusieurs reprises des amis ou de la famille en provenance des US et ont beaucoup bougé avec ces gens-là.

Nous attendions cet automne Frank & Jan, but nothing... We still wait. We hope that they will be able to make their trip to Geneva. We had planned to go to the "Pâquis". C'est un quartier particulièrement fascinant de notre ville que nous te ferons humer lorsque nous aurons la joie de t'avoir parmi nous.

A propos--si l'envie de mettre les pieds sur le sol européen devait te prendre sérieusement, nous voudrions te rappeler que nous serions particulièrement heureux d'acheter ton ticket de charter puisque tu avais eu cette grande gentillesse envers Earl il y a quelques années, lors de son exil vers l'Europe. Je ne dis pas cela en rigolant mais très sérieusement... Et également cela nous donnerait la grande joie de te voir, un tout petit peu plus longtemps que pour ce fameux week-end mémorable... Bien sûr il faudrait que tu voies avec Earl quelle serait la période la plus faste pour "le faiseur de thèse", mais pour moi, any date, cela ira toujours, puisque je suis libre tous les après-midi.

Le but initial de notre lettre est de t'informer que l'un de nos très bons amis, marié, père d'un petit garçon d'un an, en train de d'écrire sa thèse en droit international, a reçu un poste - pour 6 mois - aux Nations Unis (N.Y.). Il va ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ vraisemblablement quitter Genève au début de la semaine prochaine, s'arrêter peut être dans sa famille pour 24 heures en Belgique et arriver à N.Y. entre le début et le milieu de la semaine prochaine. Il sera seul et je suppose que sa femme le suivra une fois que le problème logement sera résolu. Il s'appelle Johann. Il est belge. Nous avons immédiatement pensé à toi, lorsqu'il nous a dit qu'il devait partir pour N.Y. d'une semaine à l'autre, puisqu'il n'a aucune contact à N.Y. même. Nous avons même pensé que peut-être tu pourrais le loger pour les quelques jours qu'il lui faut pour se retourner en arrivant. Nous pensons qu'il est un peu soucieux d'arriver dans cette ville sans point de chute si ce n'est que son travail. Nous lui avons donné ton nom et numéro de téléphone et nous avons recommandé de téléphoner dès son arrivée afin que franchement tu puisses lui dire si éventuellement il pourrait loger chez toi ou alors recevoir quelques conseils de ta part. J'espère que nous n'avons pas abusé de toi en lui donnant le conseil de prendre contact avec toi. De toutes façons, si quelque petite difficulté se posait, ne crains pas de lui dire il comprendrait très bien.

Johann
SWINEN

Je suppose que la prochaine page 4114
est réservée à Earl Je t'en embrasse
Nous le finisse.

What can I add, except 'come' and spend a few weeks with us. At least, tell us what you think of the idea.

Since I last wrote even the radio has been silent except when Monroe hopes to hear that 'Franco is dead'. What a long weekend she had as each news bulletin only confirmed the fact - mostly medical I should think - that his heart still beats. Go ahead write their obituary notice last Friday - some what in advance!! - since then, the French press a fast can make an error - to the Spanish Civil War, World War II and the Spanish miracle under Franco's leadership or if you prefer, dictatorship.

But, then, your sympathy for Spain - if I recall correctly, more exactly reflects Monroe's desire wishes - than any unnecessary curiosity in the French journalistic. Forgive me.

María joined me the English translation of her recent 'average' which kept me company the past few days and which held us together much of today as we played the camera game. Now we await the second half.

Both seminars are underway since last week, therefore, I have had little time to advance my writing. Once the first rush has subsided, I intend to return to the project chapter and to conclude it sometime in November.

On Saturday evening and with a group of friends we are going to the theatre to see I Brawl at Doll House. That is the only cultural diversion between the moments.

When you give a moment, write a paragraph or two to Alan know what your view is than your new statement. If you are able to help John, Bob, I am extremely grateful to you. You report your time in the way over there - say how the guys are doing.

Car

PAR AVION LUFTPOST
VIA AEREA



Mr. S. Robert Powell
168 West 86th Street
Apt. 14 D
New York City, New York
10024

4116

Fri. Nov 14th

Hi Bab,

are you coming home for Thanksgiving
It will be good to see you.

How's the job coming along?

The ground is all white this morning
it really looks as tho winter is
here.

Kind of hard to settle down when
the galping lets up.

We had a long season - Oct. &
1st when November were beautiful
I'm going down town so I'll mail
this.

Lone
mom

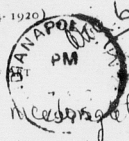


W & Louise
Box 29 R.D. 1
Caldwellsburg, Pa. 15447

S Robert Powell
168 W. 86th St Apt 14D
New York City, N.Y.
10024



AMEDEO MODIGLIANI (Italian, 1884-1920)
 Daughter of the People
 Oil on canvas, 39" x 29"
 Gift of Dr. Armand Hammer
 LOS ANGELES COUNTY MUSEUM OF ART



34 W. Main Street, Annapolis, Calif.
 Museum Reproductions •



Finally received a message letter
 from him (with photo, no less!)
 Weekly Theatre Newspaper in England
 described him as "elegant" as
 don Giovanni. he has met Auden
 in London Oct. 1.

I am coming to New York on
 Sept. 12 - my friend Chuck (Bromham)
 will be there & will go to New York
 on Sept. night I have my bed
 at 249 W. 76 on the night of the 12th?
 Until then, Janice

Robert Powell
 249 W. 76th
 New York
 New York

Dear S. Robert

Nov 15, 75

While sitting here finishing my lunch, a Proustian experience "happened". Listening to "Story End" reminded me of many listening hours of pleasure in Oswego, therefore of you, and therefore of the fact that it's been a while since a letter to you has made the trip across the 'big pond'!

As to what's happening with you AND with the "Big Apple". Rumour over here has it that N.Y. may not be saved. We can see the effect in the exchange rate. What are the chances?

Assuming the broader "over abundance" is the same - and there certainly doesn't seem to be much available job-wise in N.Y., are you writing? Let me know if and what.

Jay and I are fine. Jay has gained back most of the weight he lost year, and I'm getting fatter every day. Jay's problem, of course, is his metabolism. His problem will be eliminated in another 4 1/2 months, sometime around April 4, when David Beik, or Kellie Jay will be born. Yes, as difficult as it may be to believe, I am 4 1/2 months pregnant. Some problems arise in the beginning, but now there is no chance of miscarriage; all is going according to schedule - we can both feel it move. It's a little frightening when you think we will so soon be a FAMILY rather than a couple. We have however, pretty much adjusted to the idea. Now all I have to do is convince myself that "natural childbirth" really is best, since they have never heard of caesarean in Sivitsy. I am, however, without a choice, so - - -

Made a trip to Paris and to Chalon/Soane in September when my Mother and Ray were here. Other than that our recent travels have been most limited. There remains a possibility that we may go to Chamonix around X-mas so Jay plus friends can ski soeren. We 4120

2
bought all our equipment about one week
before we found out I was pregnant. It seems
that next year I can start again on
this that are one year old and need
new! We'd also like to arrange a trip to
France before April - possibly Rome. The
unfortunate thing about our living here
is that we have lost all interest in
being typical tourists. It is however a lot

3
more convenient with the car. Her name,
by the way, is Rene. (as accents)

Well, enough news of the three of
us. Have a Merry X-mas et all - ah
and a Happy B-Day. Don't that is Rene
as well? Take care - keep in touch.

A la prochaine,
Rene & Jay



BY AIR MAIL
PAR AVION

Telegramme

Mr. A. Robert Powell
168 W. 86th St. Apt. 14D
New York, New York 10024
U.S.A.

ELCO

Neuchâtel - 6-425
August 6 003
January

Swift and graceful, the North American White-Tailed Deer is considered by many to be the handsomest creature of the forest. Named for its white undersided tail which is held aloft by the doe when in flight, this flashing white banner is a guide to the young fawn that follows behind. Unlike most wild creatures, however, the White-Tailed Deer does not retreat before the advances of civilization, but will remain within its "home ground". A vegetarian, it is often seen browsing on leaves and grass in close vicinity of a farmer's house.

White-Tailed Deer



ear problems. I hope Mom. will be
able to go back to school. Russ, too,
had some kind of bug so he + April
both had to be doctored.

Again, we'd really like to have
you here Christmas so please say
yes. Let us know!

Happy Birthday!!

Forally,
Ann

Dear Bob,

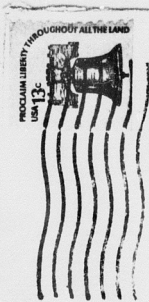
12/5/76

Russ + I are extending an
invitation we'd like you to consider.
Would you like to come and spend
Christmas with us? We would really
enjoy having you and I'm sure you
know the kids would be thrilled.

As far as we know the folks will
be leaving for Fla. before the holiday
but as yet we don't know just
when.

April's been home again with

R. P. Powell
R. D. # 60 x 22
Carbondale, Pa.
18407



Mrs. S. Robert Powell
168 W. 86th St.

Apt. 14 D
New York, N.Y. 10034

c/o Marlin K. Stuckey
4971 Vincennes St.
Cape Coral, Florida
33904
1-813-542-6038

4124



355-9023
HALLMARK

Hallmark

4125

Tues. Aunt Ruth called to say that
 Uncle Ben is not good - has been
 been transferred to Belvidere Hospital
 and now has pneumonia. We
 are waiting to hear how he is
 we that all night. Celluloid night.



How about this for
 a Birthday Card
 Its like a daily bulletin

the Card (portrait of Paul Revere)
 is beautiful. Reminding the Rembrandt.
 Hope your Card is all better
 by now.

We are leaving for Florida
 sometime on the weekend of
 Dec 13-14-15
 We to have had you for Thanksgiving

Though it's just a

"Happy Birthday,"

It's a wish that's warm and true,

And it holds a world of meaning

Since it's especially meant

for you!

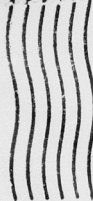
HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Hope your journey thru
 the Countryside was a
 pleasant one. I saw you
 get onto the second bus.

Have a Happy Day
 Love Mom & Dad

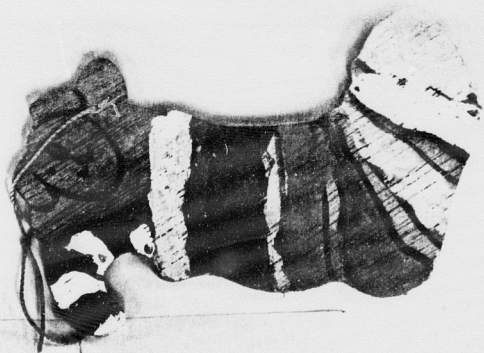
I'll bet I can remember when I was 32 years old!!
 I'll bet I can remember when I was 32 years old!!

W. S. Powell
R. O. Powell
Carlisle, Pa. 18407



Mr. S. Robert Powell
168 W. 86th St Apt 14D
New York City, N.Y. 10024

4127



DEAR UNCLE
BOB I MADE TH
IS FOR YOU +
LOVE YOU

DAVID

[Montello]

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NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
A1503-0701

American Greetings®



4129

Merry Christmas! He thinks
of you often and wish you'd
take a trip North. He's re-
fine-- busy and almost
hysterical as we get closer
to the big day.

Says are really growing up;
Chris is in 2nd grade and thinks
he knows everything while
David is in 8th. and plans to
straighten out the N.Y. State Educa-
tion system by March. Mom's really
busy and I'm just barely keep-
ing sane. (Rehoboth)

David has a goodie for your
Christmas tree - wish I wish
we we all going to be able
to enjoy together.

and best wishes for the New Year

Much love,
Sam, Liz,
Chris & David




Mr. S. Robert Lowell
168 W. 86th St.
New York, N.Y. —

Sept. 14 - D

10024

4131

Tommy



Eric Clapton Is The Preacher

Columbia Pictures And Robert Stigwood Present A Film By Ken Russell

Tommy
by The Who Based On The Rock Opera By Pete Townshend

Starring
Ann-Margret **Oliver Reed** **Roger Daltrey** **Elton John**
 As Tommy As The Priest As The Priest As The Priest
Eric Clapton **John Entwistle** **Keith Moon** **Paul Nicholas**
Jack Nicholson **Robert Powell** **Pete Townshend**
Tina Turner **And The Who**

Associate Producer **Harry Benn** Musical Director **Pete Townshend** Screenplay By **Ken Russell**
 Executive Producers **Beryl Vertus** And **Christopher Stamp** Produced By **Robert Stigwood** And **Ken Russell**
 Directed By **Ken Russell** Original Soundtrack Album on Polydor Records **LP** and **Tapes**

THE Ziegfeld A 100% **QUINCEPHONIA** SOUND
 12, 12.15, 4:35, 8:45, 9, 11:10, 1:30 AM
 (Developed by John Mosley)

No passes or discounts honored during this engagement
 DUE TO THE UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND TO SEE "TOMMY"
 THERE WILL BE A SPECIAL 1:30 A.M. SHOW TONIGHT

← Robert
Powell;
Nat SRP,
however

4132



Mr. S. Robert Powell
249 W. 76th St.
New York, New York 10023
U.S.A.

PAR AVION LUFTPOST
VIA AEREA

Houghton
Gütschstrasse 6 #425
Luzern 6003 Switzerland

4133

Roscoe -

We have not seen the last of
Pew this evening the last few
months and sincerely hope that
we can be more successful in
corresponding in 1975.

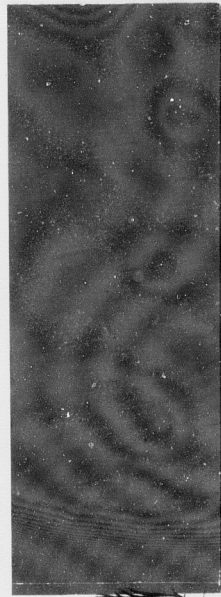
As has been tradition with us
for the last two years, your
invitation for New Year's Eve is,
of course, still open but don't feel
obliged. We would like to have you

But understand that this is no longer
a small weekend trip.

Frohe Weihnachten
und alles Gute zum neuen Jahr

Switzerland is agreeing with us
quite well although we haven't
much time to devote to any-
thing our week. We managed to
free ourselves from work for four
days this week so that we might
combat a severe case of the flu-
that really isn't my cup of tea!

Wishing you
happy memories, Son.



Hallmark

35X 569-2
25-10



4136

Fri. Dec. 19th

Hi -

We arrived in Boise Tues. nite at 9/30
Ruin part of the way - hard at times.
We are taking - easy getting rested.
It is 36° here this am. A cold wave
all over the Country.
We saw Uncle Ron on Sunday and he
wasn't too good but we called Wed. nite
and he is much better. Let us
know where you are for Christmas

...like the ones

you've given us!

Wishing You Happiness
At Christmas and Always.

I hope you have found a
place to have Christmas
dinner!!

Have a Happy Holiday.
Love

Mom & Dad

4137

W.S. Powell
4971 Vinona St.
Cape Coral, Fla 33904



Mr. S. Robert Powell
168 W. 86th St. Apt 14D
New York City, NY 10024

4138

1976

1/1976 - 12/1976 -

[168 West 86th St, # 14D
NYC, NY 10024

1976 - 1978 - Editor, Multimedia
Harcourt Brace
Jovanovich, Inc.
NYC, NY
(Management
Resources, Inc.)

LINE 221-70

NOTICE OF CANCELLATION OF REGISTRATION

DEAR VOTER: The Board of Elections has been officially notified that YOUR REGISTRATION SHOULD BE CANCELLED FROM THE ADDRESS BELOW for the reason as indicated by code number

CODE REASON FOR CANCELLATION

1. MOVED
2. FAILED TO VOTE FOR TWO YEARS
3. DECEASED
5. NOT A U.S. CITIZEN
6. REFUSED TO TAKE CHALLENGE OATH OR TO ANSWER CHALLENGE QUESTION
8. UNKNOWN AT ADDRESS
9. CANCELLED BY COURT ORDER

In accordance with Section 406, subd. 4 of the Election Law this is your notification of said cancellation. If you believe this cancellation is in error, you must initiate your registration. Please use the other side of this notice for your reply and return it to the BOROUGH OFFICE.

BOARD OF ELECTIONS in the City of New York

S ROBERT POWELL C0541637
321 W 103 ST SERIAL NUMBER 2B
NEW YORK N.Y. 10025 APT. 71 A.D. 69

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TO THE BOARD OF ELECTIONS in the City of New York

I, _____ residing AT THE ADDRESS INDICATED ON THE OTHER SIDE, do hereby state that my registration was cancelled in error and request that my registration be re-instated. I understand that this statement will be accepted for all purposes as the equivalent of an affidavit, and if false shall subject me to the same penalties as if I had been duly sworn.

(signature)

Dated _____ 197

REMARKS (IF ANY)

IF YOU HAVE MOVED FROM THE ADDRESS LISTED ON THE REVERSE SIDE AND DID NOT RE-REGISTER FROM YOUR PRESENT ADDRESS, YOU MUST DO SO IN ORDER TO VOTE.

4141



Harvest time in the largest Concord grape growing area in America along the shores of Lake Erie.

New Year's Eve Cake

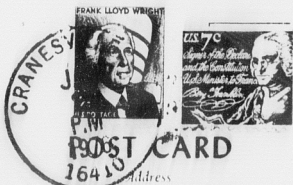
2 cups of Bisquick
4 tablespoons of brown sugar
4 tablespoons of butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk

Stir together and let it sit for about an hour.

Add two sliced bananas and bake in a greased round cake pan at medium heat for about a half hour. Serve hot with vanilla ice cream.

McClanahan Printery, Inc., Dunkirk, N. Y.

5-73993



POST CARD

16410 Address

S. Robert Powell
168 West 86th Street,
apt. 14D
New York, N.Y. 10024

[From OWP]

4142



T/S CARLA C. Jan 16, 1976

Dear Boticito,

found this clipping
about Señor Robbe.
We are presently taking
a cruise about the
West Indies. Rather
niceish & to be sure.

Hope you had a merry
holiday. Speak to you
soon, Denny & Joel



Powell

249 W. 76th St. N.Y.C. 10019

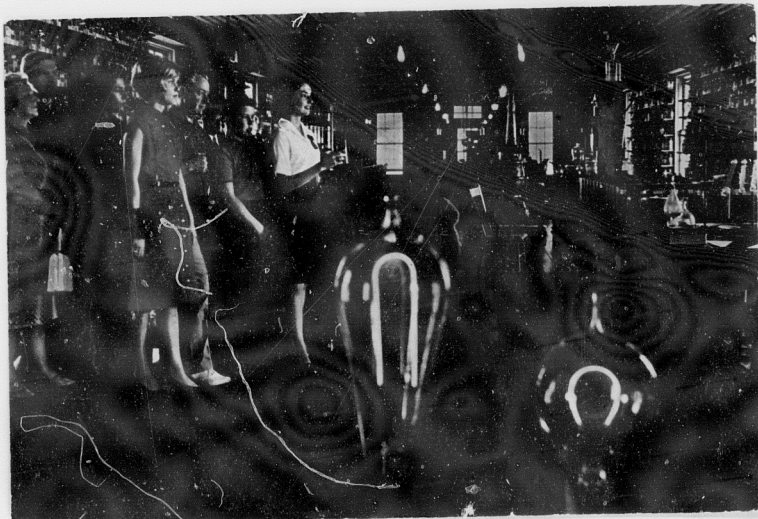
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168 West 86th St #14D
New York NY 10024 (F)

C
COSTA LINE

F.lli Pagano - Genova

4143

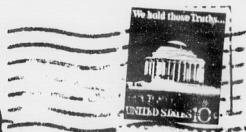


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GREENFIELD VILLAGE, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN



EDISON'S MENLO PARK LABORATORY
Greenfield Village, Dearborn, Michigan
In this building, erected in 1876, Thomas A. Edison produced the first practical incandescent lamp, worked out his electric lighting system, and developed the first phonograph, the microphone, and the telephone transmitter.

Si... International
The whole world
awaits enlightenment.
And no one
is looking
in the right
direction. Jebbe



Post Card

S. Robert Powell
168 W 86
NYC 10024

4144

SI...

I just learned a wonderful etymology.

The metrical foot in poetry, the dactyl, comes from the Latin dactylus, which means finger, or, more specifically, the three joints of a finger.

In poetry, of course, it's three syllables -- stress, slack, slack.

Properly, we ~~xxx~~ should refer to it as a metrical finger.

TREBBE

January 15, 1976

4145

Trebbe

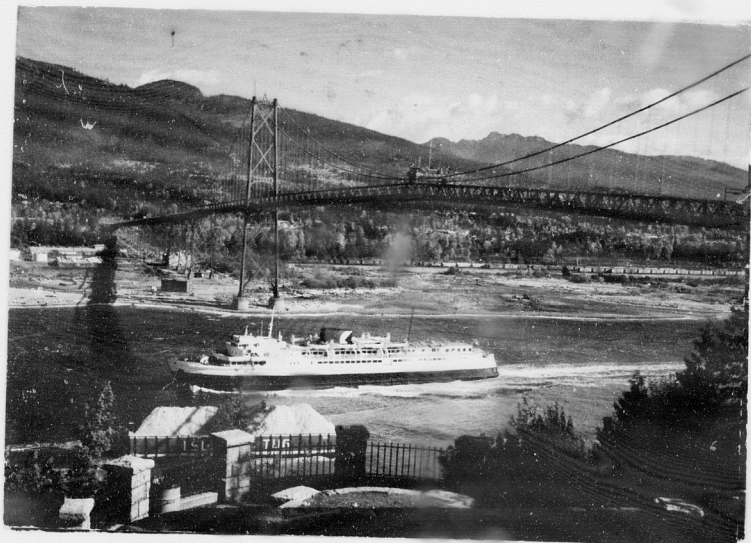
SPOTLIGHT PRESENTS

20 East 46th Street / New York, N.Y. 10017 Phone: (212) 986-5520



S. Robert Powell
168 w 86
NYC 10024

4146



We were on this boat yesterday
going to Vancouver Island -
unfortunately, it was so foggy
that we only saw the bridge as
we went under it.

We've kept busy - & are
having a fine time. Timi sings
in the Met auditions on
Sunday. He's just miss being
there by one day.

KM-84A

VANCOUVER, B.C., Canada

The C.P. Rail Vessel "Princess of Vancouver" as seen
from Prospect Point, Stanley Park, passing under Lions
Gate Bridge on its daily trip to Nanaimo, Vancouver
Island. The North Shore mountains add an attractive
background to this colourful scene.

Photo by Clifford A. Fenner

Anyway, we both send greetings. Janice & Timi

Canada
Majestic
POST CARD

Canada 10

CHRISTMAS / NOEL

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KS-4740

4147

Hi Bob -

If you saw the Times review - you will understand the attached - and perhaps find it informative - The likelihood - of course - of its appearing in the Times is certainly remote - if not nil -

I did not see you at the January 7 program - Think you can make it Feb 11?

Kindest -

Rita Dean 1/29/76

January 11, 1976

Editor
The New York Times
229 West 43 Street
New York, N. Y. 10036

Sir:

The review by John Rockwell of the Beverly Somach violin recital on January 7 has given rise to some disturbing apprehensions concerning contemporary prerequisites for qualifications of music critics. "One Man's Opinion" — the ubiquitous defense in the face of counter criticism — is becoming increasingly vulnerable to the scrutiny of ethics.

If, as observed by some members of the audience, the reviewer "rushed out" after the first number (the Tartini-Corelli Variations — an approximately three-minute piece) then his review of the entire program, comprising major works of Brahms, Bach, Tartini and Stravinsky, is an act of cruel deception.

If, by chance, the reviewer did indeed return to the concert hall, obscured from the view of those who watched for his return, then his review opens some serious questions as to his standards of judgment. Mr. Rockwell's research into the background of the artist appears to be a quotation from the brief biographical vignette on the program. In such other event, is Mr. Rockwell flaunting his contempt for the judgments of his counterparts in The Hague, in Zurich, in London, in Brussels, in Copenhagen, in Toronto — and not the least — his American colleagues? And what about his assault upon the musical intelligence of the responsive audience? Is Mr. Rockwell to be congratulated for his recognition of Beverly Somach's "solid technique"? One cannot escape the conviction that the reviewer was wanting in the capacity to recognize the musical profundity, the esthetic dignity of the artist.

4149

In Mr. Rockwell's judgment the accompanist was "fluent". In the Brahms Sonata, the second piece on the program, which the pianist chose to perform from memory, there were innumerable wrong notes played, and many memory lapses, most glaringly in the recapitulation of the last movement where two full measures slipped by in silence before the pianist retrieved his place in the score — during all of which Ms. Somach sustained the flow of the music with extraordinary aplomb.

Given man's need for status, the role of the music critic offers exquisite potential for fulfillment through service in a socio-educational arena of the cultural spectrum.

During the developmental stages of musical intelligence the average listener often relies upon the music critic for guidance. Until the attainment of musical maturity and independent judgment, the trusting novice can unsuspectingly become a party to destructive forces in the irrationality of "One Man's Opinion".

Respectfully,

Rita Sears
Rita Sears

c/o Krisel
230 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10017

cc:
Mr. Raymond Ericson, Music Editor
Mr. John Rockwell

4150

OTTERBOURG, STEINDLER, HOUSTON & ROSEN, P.C.
230 PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10017



Mr. S. Robert Powell
249 West 76 Street
New York, New York 10023

168 West 86th St #14D
New York NY 10024 (F)

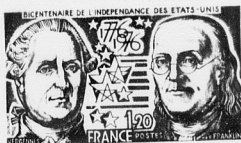
4151



A. 595 - CHATEAU de MICHEL
de MONTAIGNE (Dordogne)
Entrée du Château et Tour de
Montaigne (XIV^e siècle)

Dear Bob,

This is not really an answer
to your good letter which you wrote
oops - last year. I promise to write
you at length when I return to
the States - However, I visited
Montaigne's tower several days
ago, and thought of you -
do you remember providing me
with a title for a paper on Montaigne
& wrote several years ago? Well,
I will ~~write~~ ^{write} you about it.
Hope ~~you~~ ^{you} are going well with
your ~~studies~~ ^{studies} in France
- Will write again - Best, Virginia



Mr. S. Robert Powell

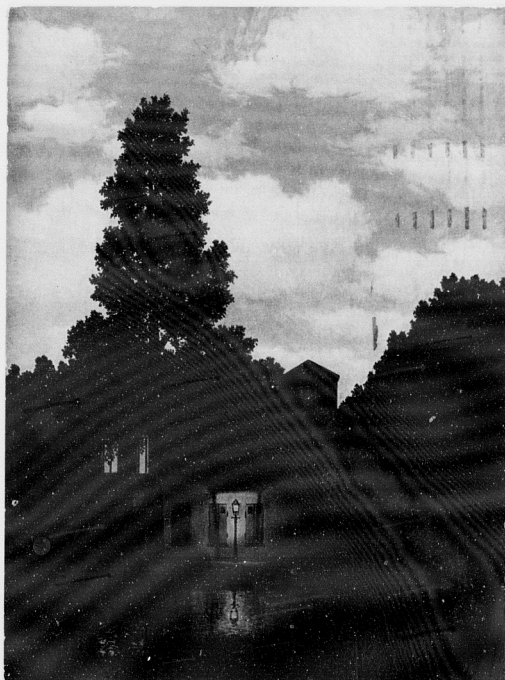
249 W. 76th St., #4A

New York,

168 West 86th St #14D
New York NY 10024 (F)

[Virginia Jones]

4152



262 April 6, 1976
 Robert
 THANKS FOR THE
 LOAN IF THE
 MACHINE. I CAN
 GET IT REPAIRED
 AND CLEANED AT
 A REASONABLE COST.
 SEE YOU NEXT
 WEEK.

Wormley.
 Daniel

Extrait: K.I.K.P. - I.R.P.A. Impr. Soléil s.a.

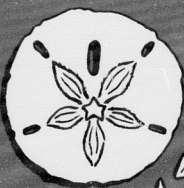
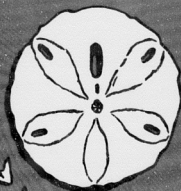
L'Empire des lumières (second version).
 Bruxelles, Musée royal des Beaux-Arts.
 Het Rijk der lichten (tweede versie).
 Brussel, Koninklijke Musea voor Schone Kunsten.
 Client: Matsuda



MR. ROBERT POWELL
 168 WEST 86TH ST. 14D
 NEW YORK, N.Y.
 10024

P.S. Loan was so lovely

4153



The Legend of the Sand Dollar

There's a pretty little legend
That I would like to tell
Of the birth and death of Jesus
Found in this lowly shell.

The Christmas poinsettia
Etched on the other side
Reminds us of His birthday,
Our Happy Christmastide.

If you examine closely,
You'll see that you find here
Four nail holes and a fifth one
Made by a Roman's spear.

Now break the center open
And here you will release
The five white doves awaiting
To spread Good Will and Peace.

On one side the Easter lily,
Its center is the star
That appeared unto the shepherds
And led them from afar.

This simple little symbol,
Christ left for you and me
To help us spread His Gospel
Through all eternity.

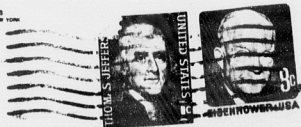
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DEXTER PRESS

Feb 25
Hi,
I hope things are going smoothly for you.
We had a couple of weeks of nice weather warm enough to enjoy swimming but now we are having 60° with a North wind again. It rained all night and still sprinkling. We are starting home on Tues. Mar. 2 Love Mom

The KEYHOLE URCHIN known as the SAND DOLLAR is common on the coast line. Found alive, it is covered with brown hair-like spines which enable it to move.
7-1 DT-93345 © D.P.

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S. Robert Powell

168 W. 86th St

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15 x 0

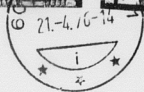
4154

Kellie Jae Houghton

*arrived into this world on April 7, 1976
at 5:20 p. m., in Lucerne, Switzerland*

*As her parents, we would very much like
to share our happiness with you.*

*Jay and Nancy Houghton
Gütschstrasse 6, 426
CH-6003 Lucerne*



Robert Lowell
168 W. 86th St. Apt 14D
New York, New York 10024
U.S.A.

PAR AVION LUFTPOST
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Lausanne
Postfach 64426
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Schweiz

4156

And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war.

The moon travels at fifty-one miles an hour.

Ah, le vin ailé (Alvin Ailey)

DMW: p. 3: Art, as the embodiment of feeling, was a surcrease from the pain of enduring reality, a narcotic, like (p.4) love; and Tristan fittingly united these two palliatives preparatory to death.

DMW: p. 4: Wagner made beautiful music out of the passing of the gods...

DMW: p. 255: in the theater, for there, by definition, everything is real and everything is illusion.

DMW: 261: When the jealous Fricka did hope (in F major) that the domestic comforts of Valhalla would induce Wotan to settle down, Wotan, gently taking up her theme in E flat, dashes her hopes by this modulation more effectively than by any use of...tubas and trombones.

DMW: p. 266: When Wagner was an adolescent, as yet unmusical but with his head full of plays and stories, he was Weber conduct Der Freischutz and decided at once that he too must lead an orchestra.

p. 267: DMW:....that rare and infallible combination of talents....

DMW: 280: abounding in superlatives, prolix in vague analogies, and skillful in effusive praise which is immediately withdrawn.

Wagner's writings stand as the incorruptible witness of his obliquity.

P. 281: "I am built otherwise, I have sensitive nerves-- beauty, glamor and light I must have. The world owes me what I require! I cannot live on a miserable post of organist like your master Bach! Is it such an unheard of demand when I ask that the little bit of luxury that I enjoy be given me? I, I who hold a thousand enjoyments in store for the world."

p. 284: Art had become a "noble illusion, a turning away from reality, a cure for life which is indeed not real, which leads one wholly outside life, but thereby raises one above it."

p. 286: In less than a decade after the composer's death, Wagner night at Covent Garden had become a regular feature of operatic life and being a Wagnerian conferred superior status.

4157

DMW: p. 288: The result was THE PERFECT WAGNERITE (by Shaw), a book of devotion as he called it in a gay note to his publisher, an imitation of Christ affair for the use of Covent Garden audiences, which should have gilt edges, leather binding, clasps, and a bookmark of perforated card with a text worked on it in wool.

DMW: 299: Bildungsphilister--educated Philistine--a nickname of Nietzsche's invention to stigmatize not merely Strauss but the generation to which he spoke, the Wagnerian generation. The Bildungsphilister is the cultural enthusiast, the canting faddist, the torchbearer of civilized mediocrity, some of whose thoughts embellished our last chapter.

DMW: 301: Music has become an opiate because the world of the late nineteenth century is too dreadful to be faced, and those who have made it are too stupid (p.302) and cowardly to remake it.

p.303: peculiarly sodden complacency....

...the shabby morality which blighted Europe.

305: Art is not opposed to reality but to morality and philosophy, that is to say, art is the opposite of convention and routine. Art is creation of the real, not, as in Wagner, a sedative. The Will to Power has nothing to do with the Darwinian instinct of self-preservation; it is the need of self-knowledge and self-assertion without which nothing great can be done. Only in fine natures does it bear fruit. The common yearning for overlordship, for satisfying the ego anyhow, is a sign of weakness that spells slavery either way. The Nietzschean ideal is simply the quenchless desire of man to be conscious, cultured, and free.

309: It was the confusion of vulgarity with popularity, for in the same period the word acquired a new meaning. Originally it meant what belongs to the crowd and is liked by it; the crowd being the common people, rough and untutored. It is this sort of vulgarity that salts Shakespeare's plays or Hogarth's scenes, and is seldom absent from great art. But with the advent of industrial city dwelling, popular crudity was lost. What had been rough became falsely polished, pretentious, apish, and cheap. The common people of former ages had made folk songs and folk tales and had sung them themselves; the new plebs had cheap songs and cheap tales made for them by hacks in imitation of the high-class product. A new vulgarity, known by its falseness and price, henceforth permeated culture.

p. 309: The theater sophisticates everything into the vulgar decency of the genteel.

p. 313: Erik Satie told Debussy after performance of a piece marked "Dawn--Noon--Afternoon" that he liked especially the little bit around half-past eleven.

p326: No idea can seep down very far without taking on the color of the minds that receive it.

328: Western Europe lived in an industrial fool's paradise until Marx shook it out of its dream world.

349: The commonplace that morality is not universal, but is relative to time and place, strikes the untutored mind as an assertion that there is no morality at all. The teaching that artistic beauty is not fixed or universal is taken to mean that there is no "real" beauty, that anything can mean anything, and that chaos is the only truth. These colossal non sequiturs imply the false propositions, "unless morality is absolute, there is no morality; unless beauty is fixed once for all and for all men, there is no beauty," which is equivalent to saying that what foreigners eat is not food.

359: When we are not on the brink of self-pity we are ready to immolate someone else for what we know to be our collective sins of omission, (p. 360) our fatalism and forgetfulness that we are all members one of another.

362: Nothing lasts forever, nothing wins out in the end. There is always a rebeginning, and even if we ourselves do not learn in time the knack of living together in large numbers, and solving the problems that our best gifts create, at least the future archeologist will find it written that our century, coming after a time of systematic mechanism, proclaimed in a hundred ways that men have minds, and that purposeless work is not for the sane.

It is winter. Imagine that it is summer. The imaginary scene is rooted in memory.

This is about November 11, 1974, when Fredrick had the keys to my apartment and the library was closed because it was Veterans' Day.

We had breakfast at Anne's. I went to get my check from Roger, but because it was a holiday, the banks were closed and I went to the Feldman Gallery to see Arakawa. I had an interview in two hours.

Arakawa interprets a statement by Hume. Hume says that memory is more vivid than imagination. Memory can fade, but imagination is never wholly there to begin with. Arakawa agrees with this point only in part, and says, "To ~~agree~~ half agree is to put oneself in a state of EXERCISE, not closure.

That is, to take the positive points from the half-agreement and build one's own roots from the positive instead of taking as fact the statement with its given roots.

When I sat by the River that afternoon, I read an ESQUIRE piece: "If There Were One Answer to the World, What Would It Be? Ionesco; 'No,' Isaac Bashevis Singer: 'Yes.'" Reading the two articles, I found that I half agreed with both.

We are born in pain, we are afraid to be born, to live, to die, says Ionesco. There is no natural goodness. We are threatened, we feel pain. Life is suffering, he says. We must endure the suffering.

We are afraid to die, says Singer, because we are afraid of not seeing the completion of the Great Novel that God is writing. The universe -- grass, seas, skies, stones -- all a part of this novel in which we are both heroes and ~~w~~ readers.

What is the solution? Suffer and expect to suffer and endure it? Live, suffuse with the universe, participate in God's novel?

In the book, SELF REALIZATION AND SELF DEFEAT, there are demonstrated 2 ways to deal with the pain of anxiety. 1. Put it to positive recognizable use and overcome it creatively. 2. Succumb to it, fear it, live in its pain.

There is a basis of pain in Ionesco's view, one of potential in Singer's.

I half agree with Ionesco. I exercise my thoughts on his view. Life is pain and suffering. I half agree with Singer. I exercise my thoughts on his view. There is potential in the creation of the universe, but the writer of the novel is not God, but the individual. I, all people, are not only the heroes and readers, but the writers.

To make use of that view would be to overcome the anxieties described in the book.

In order to create any work of art, there must be a combination of memory and imagination. Memory of the structure of a leaf, of the location of the mouth when the hand holds the fork, memory of a certain rise in the street at 91st and Park. The memory must be combined with the creator

(of life or art) with imagination. If it is a book I am writing, I combine

4160

imagination with memory to make a story. Even a science fiction writer must rely on memory. Without memory, one would have to relearn each day how to walk, tie his shoes, eat, find his home, write his name. Without imagination, no one could walk to a new place, cook, decorate a home, compose a symphony.

Each person, by daydreaming, is a creator of art.

Each person is writing his own novel.

~~Yesterday~~ That afternoon, I also went to Asia House to see the exhibition of Japanese Post-Painters. Two old women were in the gallery, and one said, "You know, I always thought that kind of landscape was only artistic, but a friend of mine was in China, and she said it really looks like that." In the first place, she was wrong about the paintings being Chinese. Then, she made a differentiation between the reality and the "artistry" of the landscapes. They are a combination of both. They are a combination of memory and imagination.

The figures in the Japanese landscapes are not the monumental, towering ones of Millais. Nor do they try to fight their way out of the overwhelming landscape, as do those of Salvator Rosa. They belong to, they are of the same medium, the same tone, the same scale, the same Oneness with the landscape as the trees, bridges, mountains. Everything is united in 18th century Japanese landscape. It is the Oneness of the spirit of the universe. The all-encompassing life force. These figures are a part of the landscape, just as Singer says human beings are a part of the universe-novel of God.

Because I could not get into my apartment yesterday, I was left to deal with the New York landscape. Because I could not get my own Sunday TIMES for Roger, I had to ride my bike up and down the streets, looking in the trash. The New York landscape provided me with a TIMES magazine.

I went to 2 exhibitions. I sat by the river and read ESQUIRE and watched the sky lower itself into darkness, lower the river into darkness. I became cold, my hands grew stiff and pale with the evening chill.

I went to Roger's, he and Wendy and I had a drink, it was warm there, we had a warm conversation.

I ~~improvised~~ ^{improvised} within the landscape. Knowing what existed in New York, imagining what I would do because I could not do what I had planned. I worked on my life-novel. Another page is finished.

"Improvements Within a
landscape" —
a good title

4/6/1

Trebbie
538 e 89
NYC 10028

S Robert Powell
168 w 86
NYC 10024



4162

April 15, 1976

SI....

I still love you, though I'm now sober.

TREBBE

4163

MY GRANDMOTHER'S LOVE LETTERS

-- Hart Crane (written when he was 20)

There are ~~no~~ stars to-night
But these ~~of memory~~.
Yet ~~how much~~ room for memory there is
In the loose ~~circle~~ of soft rain.

There is even room enough
For the letters of ~~y~~ mother's mother,
Elisabeth,
That have been pressed so long
Into a corner ~~of~~ the roof
That they are brown and soft,
And liable to melt as snow.

Over the greatness of such space
Steps must be gentle.
It is all hung by an invisible white hair.
It trembles as birch limbs webbing the air.

And I ask myself:

"Are your fingers long enough to play
Old keys that are but echoes:
Is the silence strong enough
To carry back the music to its source
And back to you again
As though to her?"

Yet I would lead my grandmother by the hand
Through much of what she would not understand;
And so I stumble. And the rain continues on the roof
With such a sound of gently pitying laughter.



John Baeder
The Magic Chef
Oil on canvas 42" x 78"
Collection The Denver Art Museum
Denver, Colorado

Robert-Think of
you often and
wonder what you
are up to. Really
been working hard
in Westhampton
Beach all winter.
Having shows at
Hundred Acres -
April 24-May 15.
Sure hope you can
get down for a
look-see. Good
wishes - John



Robert Powell
279 West 76 St
NYC 10023 NO
4A

168 West 86th St #14D
New York NY 10024 (F)

4165

The
Rita Hunter
Fan Club

Patron: Dame Eva Turner, D.B.E.

President: Roland Brown

59 Courtfield Gardens,
London SW5

Telephone:
01-373-7668

May 1976

Dear Mr Powell

The Rita Hunter Fan Club was formed in July 1975 and it seems now a good time for me, as President, to let you know the up-to-date news about this leading English Prima Donna.

Many of you, I hope, will have been able to see one of the 'Ring' cycles at the London Coliseum at the beginning of this year. Miss Hunter's performance as Brunnhilde continues to impress the leading British critics.

Mr Philip Hope-Wallace (the Guardian) in his review of The Valkyrie said "Miss Hunter persuaded me that she is the finest heroine for the opera since Austral."

At the end of 1975, many miles away from the London Coliseum, Miss Hunter made her debut in the title rôle of Bellini's Norma. The debut, which had been scheduled to take place at the Metropolitan Opera New York, was suddenly brought forward when Miss Hunter flew to San Francisco at very short notice to replace Montserrat Caballe.

Miss Hunter received outstanding critiques for this performance. For example, William Aguilar Jr. wrote:

"The golden age of singing is still present....In Miss Hunter's voice, one hears something more than a great voice, one experiences the transcendence into the reaches of the unconscious mind, the state of pre-verbal existence where only emotional senses of reality rule."

After three performances of Norma in San Francisco Miss Hunter went on to sing a further five performances at the Metropolitan, where Bill Zakariasen wrote:

"Norma, a part of such monumental difficulty that no singer in history has ever mastered it. Once in a while a soprano has come close - Rosa Ponselle, Maria Callas, Joan Sutherland and, Thursday night at the Metropolitan, Rita Hunter....she was a worthy mistress of the music, even to the optional high D at the end of Act 1....Mira O Norma was sung in its original key of F rather than the usual downward transposition....The drama was always there in the voice and she often moved with surprising grace."

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Those of you present at the English National Opera Gala on 12 February 1976 were able to get a glimpse of this achievement when Miss Hunter and Elizabeth Connell sang the duet Mira O Norma. It is to be hoped that, before long, Miss Hunter is given the opportunity of performing the role in full in the United Kingdom.

Recently Miss Hunter sang her first Aida for the Metropolitan Opera. London audiences will have the opportunity to hear Miss Hunter in this role at the Royal Festival Hall in July 1976.

WHAT'S COMING

I have much pleasure in enclosing a date sheet which gives details of Miss Hunter's future engagements.

This information is, of course, subject to alteration.

WHAT'S AVAILABLE

For those of you who are not able to hear Miss Hunter in the opera house as frequently as you would wish, the list below shows Miss Hunter's recent recordings:

	<u>RECORD LABEL and NUMBER</u>	
Gotterdammerung (highlights in German)	Classics for pleasure CFP	40008
Twilight of the Gods (highlights in English)	Unicorn	UNS 245/6
Siegfried (complete recording in English)	EMI	SLS 875
Euryanthe (complete recording in German)	EMI (Angel)	SLS 983
The Valkyrie (complete recording in English)	To be released later this year	
Norma - Casta Diva (ENO Benevolent Record)	ENO	ENO 1001

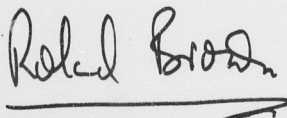
You can also obtain many photographs of Miss Hunter, and details are shown on the reverse side of the date sheet.

Orders for photographs should be sent, with the appropriate remittance, to me at the address shown at the head of this letter.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking you for your interest in this venture. I know that Miss Hunter appreciates this support from her fans.

Please contact me by letter or telephone if you require any further information about Miss Hunter, one of the truly great singers of our century.

Yours sincerely



ROLAND BROWN

4167

RITA HUNTERDATE SHEET

May 1976

MAY	04	Aida	ATLANTA - Metropolitan Opera
	09	Brighton Festival Programme will include Brunnhilde's Immolation	BRIGHTON
	25	The Valkyrie	GLASGOW - ENO
	27	Siegfried	GLASGOW
	29	Twilight of the Gods	GLASGOW
JUNE	07/11	Aida	WOLF TRAP PARK WASHINGTON
	15	Aida	CENTRAL PARK NEW YORK
	18	Cavalleria Rusticana	CENTRAL PARK NEW YORK
	22/29	Aida	CENTRAL PARK NEW YORK
JULY	16	Aida (concert performance)	LONDON - Royal Festival Hall
AUGUST	26	Don Giovanni (new production) Miss Hunter will sing the role of Donna Anna Performances through to -	LONDON - ENO

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER	12	Aida	NEW YORK - Metropolitan Opera
	16	"	
	22	"	
	25	"	

DECEMBER	14/17	Die Walkure	PHILADELPHIA
----------	-------	-------------	--------------

1977

MARCH		Die Walkure	NEW YORK - Metropolitan Opera
-------	--	-------------	-------------------------------

In addition to these engagements Miss Hunter will sing Lady Macbeth in September 1977 at the Promenade Concerts, Albert Hall, London. This will be Miss Hunter's debut in this role.

THIS INFORMATION IS CORRECT AT THE TIME OF GOING TO PRESS

4/68

PHOTOGRAPHS AVAILABLE OF MISS RITA HUNTER

OPERA	ROLE	PRODUCTION	SIZE
A Masked Ball	Amelia	ENO	Large/small
Attila	Odabella *	Sadler's Wells	Small
La Boheme	Musetta *	Sadler's Wells	Large
Cavalleria Rusticana	Santuzza	ENO	Large
Don Carlos	Elizabeth *	ENO	Large
Don Giovanni	Donna Anna *	Sadler's Wells	Small
Flying Dutchman	Senta	Sadler's Wells	Large/small
Idomeneo	Electra *	ENO	Large
Lohengrin	Elsa	Welsh Nat Opera	Large
Trovatore	Leonora *	Basilica Opera	Small
	Leonora	ENO	Large/small
Twilight of the Gods	Brunnhilde *	ENO	Large/small
Gotterdammerung	Brunnhilde	Metropolitan	Large/small
The Valkyrie	Brunnhilde *	ENO	Large/small
Die Walkure	Brunnhilde	Metropolitan	Large/small
Norma	Norma *	San Francisco	Large

* Miss Hunter's debut in this role.

Large photographs - 8" by 10" price 75p within UK includes postage
£1.00 outside UK " "

Small photographs - postcard price 25p within UK " "
50p outside UK " "

There are also available some copies of the facsimile reproduction of a drawing of Miss Rita Hunter by Michael Garady, price £1.50 (UK), US\$5.00 (outside UK).

MAY 1976

4169

By air mail
Par avion

Diamond Jubilee

1916-1976

On sale at
Post Office



Robert Powell

168. West 86th Street.

Apt 14D

New York City.

USA 10024

4170

13 May 1976

DONALD AND SI....

I am sending you each a packet. It contains thoughts, exercises, flippancies, depths, angers, cynicisms of the past two ~~xxx~~ days. I'm not exactly sure of why I am sending this packet to you, but I have a feeling that it has something ^{to do} with wishing to prolong my being with you. The writty about Cranesville and Pittsburgh is completely unedited and I wrote it for myself because I was feeling in a humorous mood. The poem is edited. It was something I was compelled to do. I am sending you the letter I wrote John Baedmer because I wanted to talk with you about his show. I am sending you the letter to Edward Butscher, the author of the Plath bio, because I am so furious with him that I want to publish that letter in the NEW YORK TIMES.

I am sending you the poem because I like it a lot.

TREBBE

4171

13 May 1976

JOHN...

I saw your show this afternoon. Thinking about it, I find that what's in my mind are my ~~ex~~ questions, and not my opinions. Now I see that this is because that whole show seems such a forward movement. First, must something be monumental before it becomes personal? Or does it remain monumental even after it is personal? I found your new diners less monumental, less like little pagan gods in a foreign temple. They seem closer, realer, now. Of course they do. Since you aren't approaching them solely from the front, they seem less...what...imposing? Self-sufficient? Monumental. These diners, or most of them, are open. They exist in certain towns, on certain streets. Dogs walk around them and sit in front of them. Your older diners reminded me often of temples, and the appearance of a dog in a temple would be either blasphemous or comical, depending on who was regarding it. These dogs do not look out of place. Also, people are discussing something in front of the diner. Nothing to do with going inside for a hamburger, I imagine. Perhaps they are discussing the sale of a car or the price of an ounce of hash. They, too, exist in the landscape. People -- albeit shadowy, featureless people -- even eat in these diners. NEW YORK Magazine said Baeder is in love with his diners? Are you? Were you always? Did you idolize them until you got to know them? It seems you have begun to look at them cubistically and I think that implies a deeper understanding, a more spherical approach. Did you once stand before a diner, as one would before a statue of a god, and did you suddenly begin to question the side of the diner, the corner, what stood beside it? I love Stella's, with only part of the diner on the canvas. Do you expect now to go inside the diners??? And if you do, will you paint people eating? Perhaps your last diner pairing will have a hand lifting a fork to the mouth. A forkful of scrambled eggs, with only the barest traces of an illuminated EAT sign visible in the background. And then, if you do that, will you know diners so completely that you will stop pairing them? It seems to me that you are making this progression very deliberately. Are you? Perhaps I imagine it, but your work seems freer; the quality of the paint, the movement is easier, lighter. I am very interested in the transitions of one person's art. Any one person. I've written a lot -- in time, not in quantity -- in the past year. I'm trying to solve something and it's only now beginning to emerge. I want to be freer too, and I too am compelled to create PEOPLE now. Stones have lost their significance in LIFE. They still exist in dream, in some permanent inner core of me, but I'm convinced that it's the emotions that are eternal. That every emotion flickers in some way in every individual. I'd like to know what you've been thinking about lately.

TREBBE

417-2

538 E 89
New York, NY 10028

13 May 1976

Dear Mr Butscher,

Your term paper on Sylvia Plath contains so many speculations on her psychology that I am convinced you must be undergoing your first year of analysis. ("...she may have hated sex as much as she hated the men who asked it of her...") As far as your spectrum of excuses for her obstreperous behavior at Marcia's wedding, I would like to suggest another possibility: she couldn't bear the idea that the bride was the center of attention and she was willing to do anything to wrench the attention away from Marcia and back to herself.

Your book gapes with the omission of interviews by certain key individuals in Plath's life: e.g. her husband, her mother and her brother. Did you avoid seeking the opinions of these people for fear that they would disrupt your thesis that Plath's life was a 30-year attempt to conceal the gaping wound that was her mind?

Plath and Hughes were married on June 16th. But Bloomsbury Day? June 16 is not Bloomsbury Day; it is Bloomsday. It was named for Leopold Bloom and it is the day on which all the action in ULYSSES (Joyce, not Homer) takes place. In my opinion, that was the error that permanently crumpled the plausibility of your book.

Sincerely,

Gail Trebbe Johnson

Gail Trebbe Johnson

4173

MOTHER'S POEM

I want this poem to rip open your coffin.
I want it to close the ragged wound
from my second and final birth from you.

I have never spoken to you from here
as I do to my lovers.
How I slide them, slide us
beneath the rhythmic laser.
The poems pop up like tin ducks
in a shooting gallery.

You, though, were never new to me.
We were entwined like vines.
When I sprouted in you I knew
no roots. Only the red heat
that strummed our cave
with its fuzzy wings.

Light split the cave.
Birth snapped us in two.

Curiously, though, I remained in you,
distilling my essences from yours.
Not just your milk
that infused my first months.
Not just your names for things --
bluebird, circle, toes --
that placed my own discoveries
in immortal boxes.

We were singular as the moon.
Artless as the dark side,
I ebbed and surged with your light.

Even when I was grown,
my days swirled in a vial
of arcane chemicals until
I confided them to you.
You shaped them as Tiffany glass.

But you died.
You died for months,
dragging me along by the guts.
I was like the last member
of a vanishing species.
I clung to our life
with my teeth and nails.

But you died.
And only now,
now that we are suddenly extinct,
can I press myself into this poem for you,
like a fossil hugging its landscape.

Trebbe
12 May 1976

4174

11 May 1976

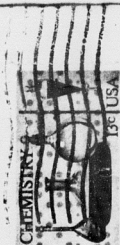
I was struck by the time gap and this seems like the beginning of a science-fiction hippie-peace story. I walked into Ritter's at 4 AM & I said "Well, we are eight again." I waited for some response, but then I knew it wouldn't come because none of the one 8 knew anyone of the other 8 except Si & Gary know each other. Donald and Gary are acquainted with one another's existence. Ritter's is synonymous with Perkins. Eight people ate variations of eggs and pancakes. Ritters is in Pittsburgh and the night was Sunday. Perkins ~~xxx~~ is in Edinboro and the night was Friday. One was me & Si & Donald & Jerusha & Rob & Bev & Vernita & Kevin. One was me & Gary & Ann & Otto & Nels & Dennis & Tim. I guess there were only 7 after all. The time gap. We were met at the /train by our friend and his friend Tim. We were met at the bus by our friends and their friend Tim. I haven't known a Tim since Fredrick's friend Tim and that was 12 years ago. The Pittsburgh Tim writes plays, the Edinboro Tim is an artist. Tim of Edinboro looks like an artist. Tim of Pittsburgh does not look like a playwright. He looks like a pre-med student. Donald doesn't look like a pre-med student, but he was one, but he's an artist. There's no pattern. Drugs make me think I can find patterns, alcohol makes me think Fuck patterns. Chuck knows more about drugs than anyone I know and he knows more about turquoise than anyone I know and I pulled two good ones on him. I showed him how to do the hash cocktail and I told him that Rob is going to make me a wonderful turquoise ring. The only thing Rob wanted to know is whether I would wear the ring a lot and since I said Yes he said he won't make it too unweildy. That was in the Boro. The Boro should be called the Burrow. Si challenged someone to a duel there, in defense of my honor. Si and Donald sat back to back like twins, like fire dogs. Patterns? There are no patterns. There are not really any patterns in drugs, it's just the excitement. Once, with psylecibin, Chuck & I talked for 2 or 3 hours about Moses. I don't remember any of it, except that I thought we'd found a pattern.

After Cranesville, I was used to parties. I performed in Pittsburgh. I gave them my contrary side and they loved it. Theatre people know theatre in a way other than I know it. Tim of Pittsburgh talked of the duration of Mourning Becomes Electra. I don't imagine that would be the first thing I'd think of about Mourning Becomes Electra. That conversation began when I asked Nels if he had the Oresteia. Nels lives in a 7 room apartment and Rick lives in an 8 room apartment. I felt I had been unfair to Rick because I didn't like him and then I saw his ceramics & I liked them. That can be one Rick, then, but there is another Rick who treats me like an indirect object. That Rick came first. I thought Vernita was going to be interesting, but then she wanted to tell me about her psychoses and how her teachers don't understand her. Profs, Tim of Edinboro calls them. One who professes. Maybe that's why they don't trust Donald. He doesn't profess enough and it makes the others feel insecure because they might have their theories toppled if ~~their~~ they asked the students for theirs.

12 May Si isn't home and I need to ask if he wants to go see the Emily Dickinson play with me this week. I want to tell him I wrote a good poem and I want to tell him Sylvia got married. I cannot resolve Sylvia's marriage in my mind. I can understand it for its pragmatism: no more passport difficulties. But it seems too easy and I hate to see people I like get married. Writing is the least relaxing thing I do. It makes me nervous and speedy and shaky and tearful and it destroys me. But it builds something. That's worth it. That's certainly worth everything. I miss Si and Donald.

4175

Trebbe
538 e 89
NYC 10028



S Robert Powell
168 W 86 -- 14D
NYC 10024

4176

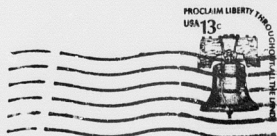
Flag Day, 1976

SRP, my fetish for compulsive behaviour necessitates
that I call the here-under to your attention, DWP.

Aldous Huxley, Ozymandias, the Utopia That Failed,
(Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow and other essays,
Abridged edition, Perennial Library, Harper & Row,
Publishers, New York, Evanston, San Francisco,
London, 1972, pp. 86 - 104.).

4177

Donald W. Powell
51 Bateman Avenue
Oranestville, Pa. 16410



S. Robert Powell
168 West 86th Street, apt. 14D
New York, N.Y. 10024

4178

thus am.

Dear Bob -

I received my birthday
gift yesterday a.m. Thank
you for the "home-grown
hand-made" with that
personal touch satchet.
I can't distinguish the
exact "flavor" but I
like it.

We have been having
such miserable weather -
hard thunderstorms and
lots of rain.

There are three wild
geese on No. 14 pond they
came in the first of the
week and almost zoomed
into Russ on the
green mower. Nice
to see them - boy - do they
look big -

You and Gene Shalts on
the T-Play Show, are going
to do the same thing on
the 4th - stay in your apt.

Gene says he is going to press
down real hard with his
vacuum cleaner to help
balance Manhattan with
all the people over on the
banks of the Hudson. I they
hope all the Casualties they
are expecting never happen.

Aunt Edna is sitting up
in a chair part time so
she is a little better.

Uncle Elton just passed a
small stone with little difficulty
so he must feel relieved.

I am going to town today
instead of tomorrow - the
town is too busy on Friday
before a holiday.

Come see us again "some
time".

Love
mom

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Avery Fisher Hall, Broadway at 65th Street
New York, N. Y. 10023

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S. R. Powell
R. D. 1
Carbondale, Pa. 18407

15

HOLD THIS DATE
Tuesday Evening, October 19, 1976

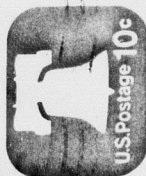
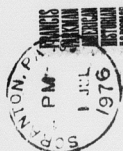
For A
Benefit Concert by the New York Philharmonic for its
Pension Fund

And The
Opening of the new Avery Fisher Hall
Lincoln Center

DETAILS ON OR ABOUT AUGUST 15, 1976

4/81

Homestead Golf Course
Route 106
R. R. 1, Box 29
Carbondale, PA 18407



Mr. D. Robert Powell
168 W 86th St. Apt. 14D
New York City, N.Y. 10024

4182

STATE OF MICHIGAN

THE PROBATE COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF WAYNE

Estate of Edna L. Loomis, Deceased

File No. _____

NOTICE OF HEARING

TAKE NOTICE: On August 3, 19 76, at 10:00 A. M., in the
Probate Courtroom, No. 1211 City-County Building Detroit, Michigan, before
Hon. Frank S. Szymanski, Judge of Probate, a hearing will

be held on the Petition of William W. Slocum, Jr. for probate of a purported
Will dated March 2, 1967 and a Second Codicil thereto dated May 2, 1974 and
for granting of administration to William W. Slocum, Jr., the Executor
named, or some other suitable person.

Creditors of the deceased are notified that all claims against the Estate
must be presented to the fiduciary and copies of the claims must be filed
with the Court on or before October 4, 19 76. Notice is
further given that the estate will be thereafter assigned to persons ap-
pearing of record entitled thereto.

Dated: July, 19 76

William W. Slocum, Jr.

Petitioner

Attorney for Petitioner:

HILL, LEWIS, ADAMS, GOODRICH & TAIT

By: William W. Slocum, Jr. (P20589)

101 Southfield Road, Suite 205

Birmingham

Mich. 48009

Phone 642-9692

101 Southfield Road, Suite 205

Address

Birmingham, Michigan 48009

The law provides that you should be notified of this hearing.
Unless you have been otherwise instructed, you are not re-
quired to attend the hearing, but it is your privilege to do so.

NOTE: Insert "on the attached petition" or where petition is not attached, insert nature of matter to be heard,
including name of petitioner if matter arises by petition.

4183

original
w/ HLG

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
OF
EDNA L. LOOMIS

I, EDNA L. LOOMIS, of the City of Highland Park, County of Wayne and State of Michigan, do make, publish and declare this to be my LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT in the manner following, hereby revoking all Wills and Codicils by me at any time heretofore made.

FIRST: I direct that all my debts, the expenses of my last illness, funeral, burial, including the cost of inserting on the tombstone the year of my death, and of administering my estate, and all inheritance, legacy, succession or similar duties or taxes which shall become payable in respect of any property or interest passing under my Will, or any Codicil which I may hereafter execute, shall be paid, and charged to my residuary estate. I further direct that my executor shall not seek contribution from anyone for any portion of the taxes so paid.

4184

SECOND: I give and bequeath my Chickering Piano and Piano Stool to my grandniece, ELIZABETH WINTER MONTELLO of 337 McKinley Avenue, Jermyn, Pennsylvania; my husband's tools and tool box, I give and bequeath to WALTER S. POWELL of Route, #1, Carbondale, Pennsylvania; the Pointed Antique Sterling Silver flat ware with my monogram thereon, I give and bequeath to FRA E. LOOMIS of 40-B Darrell Place, San Francisco, California; and I give and bequeath the miscellaneous collection of family

heirlooms located in my home, a listing of same being in a sealed envelope in my possession, share and share alike, to my two (2) nieces: MRS. MARGARET LOUISE RUSSELL WINTER of 337 McKinley Avenue, Jermyn, Pennsylvania and MRS HELEN LOOMIS RUSSELL POWELL of Route #1, Carbondale, Pennsylvania, the issue of either deceased one of them to take their parent's share by right of representation and I appoint MARGARET LOUISE RUSSELL WINTER do decide the ultimate disposition as between them of the property given jointly to HELEN LOOMIS RUSSELL POWELL and her.

There are certain other items of personal effects in my home which were the property of my husband, LEROY B. LOOMIS or ELIZABETH LOOMIS, before our marriage and it is my wish and direction that FRA E. LOOMIS shall have the right to such of said items as she may elect to take.

THIRD: I give and bequeath all INTERNATIONAL TEXT BOOK COMPANY stock and all AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH COMPANY stock owned by me at the time of my death to RUSSELL THOMAS POWELL of Route #1, Carbondale, Pennsylvania; all STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY stock owned by me at the time of my death I give and bequeath to FRA E. LOOMIS of 40-B Darrell Place, San Francisco, California; and the nine (9) ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR (\$1,000.00) GENERAL MOTORS ACCEPTANCE CORPORATION bonds owned by me I give and bequeath as follows:

- (a) Two (2) of said bonds to my grandniece, MARGARET LOUISE WINTER of 337 McKinley Avenue, Jermyn, Pennsylvania;

- (b) Two (2) of said bonds to my grandnephew,
DONALD WALTER POWELL of Route #1, Carbondale,
Pennsylvania;
- (c) Two (2) of said bonds to my grandnephew,
SILAS ROBERT POWELL of Route #1, Carbondale,
Pennsylvania;
- (d) Two (2) of said bonds to my grandnephew,
RUSSELL THOMAS POWELL of Route #1, Carbondale,
Pennsylvania;
- (e) And the remaining one (1) bond to my grandniece,
ELIZABETH WINTER MONTELLO of 337 McKinley Avenue,
Jermyn, Pennsylvania.

FOURTH: I give and bequeath all GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION Stock and all DETROIT EDISON COMPANY Stock owned by me at the time of my death, share and share alike, to my two (2) nieces, MRS. MARGARET LOUISE RUSSELL WINTER of 337 McKinley Avenue, Jermyn, Pennsylvania and MRS. HELEN LOOMIS RUSSELL POWELL of Route #1, Carbondale, Pennsylvania; the issue of either deceased one of them to take their parent's share by right of representation.

FIFTH: I give, devise and bequeath all of the residue and remainder of my property and estate of every kind and nature, real, personal or mixed, now or hereafter acquired and wheresoever the same may be situated, including all property over which I may have the power to appoint or dispose of by Will, as follows:

- (a) One-half (1/2) thereof to FRA E. LOOMIS, daughter of my late husband, LEROY B. LOOMIS, if she shall survive me and if she shall predecease me, then to her issue by right of representation, if any there shall be, and if none, then to the beneficiaries designated in the next succeeding paragraph (b) hereof, share and share alike;
- (b) The remaining one-half (1/2) thereof, share

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and share alike, to my nieces, MRS. MARGARET LOUISE RUSSELL WINTER of 337 McKinley Avenue, Jermyn, Pennsylvania and MRS. HELEN LOOMIS RUSSELL POWELL of Route #1, Carbondale, Pennsylvania the issue of either deceased one of them to take their parent's share by right of representation.

SIXTH: I nominate, constitute and appoint CHARLES C. ANDREWS of Detroit, Michigan, sole executor of this my LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT; and I give and confer upon my said executor or any administrator with Will annexed, full power to sell, mortgage, hypothecate, invest, reinvest, exchange, manage, control, and in any way use or deal with any and all property of my estate during the administration thereof without any application to Court for leave or confirmation thereof unless the same be expressly required by law.

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SEVENTH: I direct that my executor, CHARLES C. ANDREWS, shall be required to furnish only a nominal bond as executor hereunder. I further direct that in the event the executor herein named shall for any reason be unable or incapable of acting as executor of this, my LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT then the administrator appointed hereunder shall be required to furnish suitable bond as determined by the court.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I, EDNA L. LOOMIS, of the City of Highland Park, County of Wayne and State of Michigan, on this 2nd day of ^{March} ~~February~~, A.D. 1967, have declared this and four (4) other sheets of paper, and have hereunto set my hand and seal in the presence of the witnessed below subscribed

who have so subscribed the same in my presence.

/s/ Edna L. Loomis (L.S.)
(Edna L. Loomis)

Signed, published and declared by EDNA L. LOOMIS, the testatrix above named, as and for her LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, consisting of this and four (4) other sheets of paper, in the presence of us, who, in her presence, at her request, and in the presence of each other have hereunto set our names as witnesses the day and year above written.

/s/ Robert W. Appleford residing at Birmingham, Michigan

/s/ Charles C. Andrews residing at Detroit, Michigan

SECOND CODICIL TO
LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF
EDNA L. LOOMIS

I, EDNA L. LOOMIS, of the City of Highland Park, County of Wayne and State of Michigan, do hereby make, publish and declare this document to be a Second Codicil to my Last Will and Testament dated March 2, 1967.

I do hereby revoke the first Codicil to said Last Will and Testament and hereby alter, amend and change my said Last Will and Testament as follows:

ARTICLE I

Paragraph SIXTH of my Last Will and Testament shall be amended to read as follows:

"SIXTH: I nominate, constitute and appoint WILLIAM W. SLOCUM, JR. of Birmingham, Michigan, sole Executor of this my LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT; and I give and confer upon my said Executor or any administrator with Will annexed, full power to sell, mortgage, hypothecate, invest, reinvest, exchange, manage, control, and in any way use or deal with any and all property of my estate during the administration thereof without any application to Court for leave or confirmation thereof unless the same be expressly required by law."

As amended by this Codicil, I do hereby ratify, confirm and republish my Last Will and Testament dated March 2, 1967.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 2nd day of May, 1974.

/s/ Edna L. Loomis
Edna L. Loomis

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On this ~~2nd~~ day of May, 1974, EDNA L. LOOMIS, of the City of Highland Park, County of Wayne and State of Michigan, signed the foregoing instrument in our presence and declared it to be the Second Codicil to her Last Will and Testament dated March 2, 1967, and as witnesses thereto we do now, at her request and in her presence and in the presence of each other, hereto subscribe our names.

/s/ P. C. Fischer residing at 224 Highland Avenue
Highland Park, Mich.

/s/ Sharon Gordan residing at 115 Moss
Highland Park, Mich.

PROBATE COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF WAYNE

K 64-K-72
REV. 1-74

ESTATE OF EDNA L. LOOMIS, DECEASED FILE NO: _____

PETITION FOR COMMENCEMENT OF PROCEEDINGS (PROBATE OF WILL)
(ADMINISTRATION)

I, William W. Slocum, Jr., respectfully represent

that I reside in the City of Birmingham, Michigan and am interested in said Codicil to the Will
estate and make this petition as Executor named in the of said deceased whose Social Security
Number is 374-03-6232.

I further represent that said deceased departed this life on the 4th day of July
A.D. 1976, of the age of 90 years, leaving a No Last Will and Testament, bearing date of of
March 2, 1967 wherein Robert W. Appleford and

Charles C. Andrews are the subscribing witnesses and a
second Codicil to said Last Will and Testament bearing date of May 2, 1974 wherein
C. Fischer and Sharon Gordan are the subscribing witnesses.

I further represent that said deceased was, at the time of her death an inhabitant and resi-
dent of the City of Highland Park in said County and left estate within said
County to be administered; and that the estimated value thereof is as follows: Real Estate \$ -0-
or thereabouts; Personal Estate \$ 100,000.00 or thereabouts.

I further represent that the names, relationship, ages and residence of the heirs-at-law of said de-
ceased are as follows:

NAME	RELATIONSHIP	AGE	RESIDENCE
<u>Helen Loomis Russell Powell</u>	<u>Niece</u>	<u>Full</u>	<u>Box 29, R.D. 1 Carbondale, Pa. 18407</u>
<u>NOTE: Margaret Louise Russell Winter (niece) died April 22, 1974]</u>			

DO NOT WRITE BELOW FOR COURT USE ONLY

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I further represent that the names, ages and residences of the devisees and legatees named in said will are as follows:

NAME	RELATIONSHIP	AGE	RESIDENCE
Fra Edna Loomis	None	Full	P. O. Box 103 Estancia, New Mexico
Walter S. Powell	None	Full	Box 29, R.D. 1 87016 Carbondale, PA 18407
Elizabeth Winter Montello	Grandniece	Full	201 Hampton Way Penfield, New York 14526
Margaret Louise Winter	Grandniece	Full	337 McKinley Avenue Jermyn, Pennsylvania
Russell Thomas Powell	Grandnephew	Full	Box 29, R.D. 1 18433 Carbondale, PA 18407
Donald Walter Powell	Grandnephew	Full	Box 29, R.D. 1 Carbondale, PA 18407
Silas Robert Powell	Grandnephew	Full	Box 29, R.D. 1 Carbondale, PA 18407

I further represent that, of the above interested parties, the following are under legal disability or otherwise represented, and presently have or will require representations as follows:

NAME	LEGAL DISABILITY (Minor, Physically infirm or whatever disability)	REPRESENTED BY ADDRESS (Name and Capacity)

I therefore pray that said will be admitted to Probate and/or administration of said estate be granted to William W. Slocum, Jr. who is a citizen of the United States and resides at No. 101 Southfield Rd., Suite 205 Street in Birmingham, Michigan and who is the executor/~~executer~~ named in said will or some other suitable person. ^{said Codicil to said}

I further pray that the Executor be required to qualify by filing a bond in the penal sum of only \$100.00.

I declare under the penalties of perjury that this petition has been examined by me and that the contents thereof are true to the best of my information, knowledge and belief.

DATED: July 12, 1976.

HILL, LEWIS, ADAMS, GOODRICH & TAIT
Attorney By: William W. Slocum, Jr.
Address 101 Southfield Road, Suite 205
Birmingham, Michigan 48009
Phone 642-9692
Michigan State Bar Number P20589

51 William W. Slocum, Jr.
Address 101 Southfield Road, Suite 205
Birmingham, Michigan 48009
Phone 642-9692

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AMOUNT OF BOND Nominal (100.00)

K-41

STATE OF MICHIGAN
PROBATE COURT FOR THE COUNTY OF WAYNE

ESTATE OF Edna L. Loomis, Deceased

No. 673,369

INVENTORY

I, William W. Slocum, Jr., Executor of said estate, submit the following as a true and perfect inventory of all the real estate, goods, chattles, rights and credits of said estate, to-wit:
(attach additional sheets as required)

DOLLARS CENTS

STOCKS & DEBENTURES

100 Shs. American Telephone & Telegraph commons stock at 56.90625	5,690	63
164 Shs. General Motors common stock at 67.50	11,070	00
330 Shs. Detroit Edison common stock at 13.28125	4,382	81
100 Shs. Exxon common stock at 104.78125	10,478	13
38 Shs. Intext Corp. common stock (formerly International Textbook Co.) at 2.125	80	75
\$5,000 Exxon Debentures, 6-1/2%, due 1998 at 83.84375	4,192	19
\$9,000 GMAC Debentures, 5%, due 3/15/81 at 88.9375	8,004	38
10-\$1,000 Units E. F. Hutton Corporate Income Fund, 3rd Series at 96.759	9,675	90
TOTAL STOCKS AND DEBENTURES	53,574	79
U.S. BONDS		
SEE ATTACHED LIST	TOTAL U.S. BONDS	22,826 46
CASH AND CASH ITEMS		
Wayne Oakland Bank:	Checking Account No. 2-297-840-7	7,486 54
	Savings Account No. 1047-6791	3,061 72
	Time Certificate No. 01-2258-4631	4,147 61
	Time Certificate No. 01-2258-4500	9,552 04
	Time Certificate No. 01-2258-4479	8,462 51
St. Luke's Episcopal Church Home - Petty Cash Fund		41 54
TOTAL CASH AND CASH ITEMS		32,751 96
Clothing and Personal Effects - No Value		-0-
TOTAL		109,153 21

I, William W. Slocum, Jr. declare under the penalties of perjury that this inventory has been examined by me and the contents thereof are true to the best of my own information, knowledge and belief.

Dated August 9, 19 76
HILL, LEWIS, ADAMS, GOODRICH & TAIT
Attorney By: William W. Slocum, Jr.
Address 101 Southfield Road, Suite 205
Birmingham, Michigan 48009
State Bar Number P20589
Phone (313) 642-9692

William W. Slocum, Jr.
William W. Slocum, Jr.
Address 101 Southfield, Birmingham,
Michigan 48009
Phone (313) 642-9692
Address _____
Phone _____

NOTE: List all the assets and the market value thereof as of date of death or date of appointment as fiduciary. Designate those assets that are to be appraised. If property is encumbered, show nature and amount of lien.

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SCHEDULE TO INVENTORY

File No. 673,369

Estate of Edna L. Loomis, Deceased

U.S. BONDS

U. S. Savings Bonds, Series E

5-\$100 face value, issued 10/43 at 247.12	\$ 1,235.60
2-\$100 face value, issued 4/44 at 243.08	486.16
1-\$100 face value, issued 9/43 at 247.12	247.12
2 -\$100 face value, issued 3/44 at 243.08	486.16
2-\$100 face value, issued 9/44 at 238.96	477.92
2-\$100 face value, issued 3/45 at 235.08	470.16
2-\$100 face value, issued 9/45 at 231.32	462.64
11-\$500 face value, issued 4/55 at 892.20	<u>9,814.20</u>

TOTAL U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

\$13,679.96

U.S. TREASURY BONDS

\$11,000 face value U.S. Treasury Bonds,
4-1/4%, due 3/15/85 at 83.15

\$ 9,146.50

TOTAL U.S. BONDS

\$22,826.46

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Edna Loomis



HARPER-MULLIGAN FUNERAL HOME, INC.
DETROIT
16450 HAMILTON AVE.
18530 W. SEVEN MILE RD.
K.E. 9-1800
348-5800
GARDEN CITY
28011 FORD ROAD
422-0585
CALDWELL-MULLIGAN FUNERAL HOME, INC.

COURTESY OF

Thursday, July 22, 1976

LOOMIS, Mrs. Edna L., late of Highland Park, Mich., formerly of Carbondale. The funeral was held July 7 in Detroit.

Mrs. Loomis died July 4. She was the daughter of the late Mary Emma Squire and Theron J. Loomis of Carbondale.

A teacher in Pennsylvania for 34 years, she taught in Carbondale, Jermyan and Scranton. She was a direct descendant of Priscilla Mullins and John Alden. Airflower passengers, a member of Penn State University Women's Club of Detroit, and the Fort Ponchartrain Chapter of the DAR.

Surviving are a niece, Helen R. Powell, Carbondale; two grandnieces, three grandnephews, and a step-daughter, Fran Loomis, New Mexico.

IN MEMORY OF
EDNA LOOMIS

DATE OF BIRTH
December 29, 1885

DATE OF DEATH
July 4, 1976

DATE AND HOUR OF SERVICES
Wednesday, July 7, 1976 - 1:00 p.m.

HELD AT
Harper-Mulligan Funeral Home
Seven Mile Memorial Chapel
OFFICIATING

The Rev. Dr. Hale Thornberry

PLACE OF INTERMENT
Woodlawn Cemetery

a dear wonderful lady; and a genealogist of the first order

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LAW OFFICES OF
HILL, LEWIS, ADAMS, GOODRICH & TAIT
3700 PENOBSCOT BUILDING
DETROIT, MICHIGAN 48226



Mr. Silas Robert Powell

~~Box 29, R.D. 1~~

168 W. 86th Ave. 190
New York City
Carbondale, Pennsylvania 18407 - NY 10024

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1st National Bank
CARBONDALE PENNA 18407

S. R. Powell
~~R.D. #1~~
Carbondale, Pa. 18407



Attn: Helen



~~Bob~~ Hi Bob - Do you
still live in New York?
Are you OK? I saw
Art's Helen on bottom of
letter so I opened it
but all of it you forgot
to sign the Travelers checks
Sorry I opened it over

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We have been having terrible-terrible weather.
Snow on the ground yesterday morning - snow flurries
off and on all day yesterday in the rain. The
country is beautiful - so green - a new pond blue
shrubbery and trees. Let us hear from you
we that you were coming home soon!!
Love
mom